THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume X | New York, Wednesday, September 4, 1929 | Number 18

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Published weekly and copyrighted 1929, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.

SOUTHERN DINNER PAILS

THE South is only now recovering from the Civil War and what preceded it. Pastoral civilization, self-romanticized and productive of far too little beyond good manners, could not survive an era which pulled every economic prop from under the stage. Only nature remained, and nature has dictated that cotton could be grown in the South. It also declared that vast forests, neglected while the northern railroads groaned under cargoes of lumberjacks and logs, would some day necessarily prove reservoirs of wealth. And now it has grown obvious that both cotton and timber ought to be turned into manufactured products right where they grow. The result is the most interesting social phenomenon discernible in the country since before the war. To some aspects of this phenomenon the public has been attracted by dramatic events. There is nothing new in the events at Elizabethton, Gastonia and elsewhere. You might almost duplicate the accounts by turning back to what happened in various northern industrial communities about the year 1910.

In Gastonia, for example, Communist workers are on trial on the charge of having caused the murder of a local chief of police. A cordon of workers has been drawn up round the biggest mill of the district, in order to prevent strike-breakers from going to work. The militia are on the scene, and sundry gentlemen of the press hover near by. These last have observed quite a number of things. They have broadcast the promise of the presiding judge to grant a fair trial, and have told us frankly that much of the stuff concocted by Communist publicists is frenzied nonsense. As a community Gastonia is very anxious to establish a reputation for moral respectability and level-headedness. And meanwhile the great debate rages round the social evidence. Fourteen dollars a week for the sixty-hour night shift. Miserable little hovels on the one hand, palatial residences on the other. Children stunted by work, infected with a dozen sorts of scrofula. And yet, the tide of industry, of money in the making, of startling economic growth, which is everywhere covering the old, tranquil countryside with a mantle of mingled smoke and dollar bills.

And of course you have seen this picture before. It is a New Jersey textile town, a Mahoning mining city, twenty years ago. The same "radical orators," who used to be called I. W. W. Identical cordon of workers, and companies of militia. Then, too, organ-

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ized labor was struggling to get a foothold, and gentlemen of the press were out to see what they could. The evidence regarding hours, living conditions and scrofulous children was also pretty much the same. A new picture superimposed upon the old. Southern industry, a generation behind the more speedily modernized North, is repeating all the acts in the play. One profound difference, however, must be noted. The country as a whole has passed through experiences which make the adventures of North Carolina, Tennessee and Virginia seem anachronistic.

Twenty years ago there were fewer people who had grown out of factory toil of the hardest kind into some measure of economic ease. Less instruction had been given in economic methods and morals. Today there exists a large body of citizens who know something about industrial circumstances and are prone to estimate them according to standards which they think should represent the nation. That degraded labor in one state and relatively emancipated labor in another is socially dangerous we have long understood. But now everybody realizes that it is bad business as well. American industry itself has pointed the way to a program through which fair wages can be exchanged for growing enterprise. Geography has decreed that textile mills should be established in the South rather than in New England. But unless the South conforms with the nation's general economic ideal, it will in the end lose the natural advantage. All this is no longer a faith. It is a civic certitude.

Meanwhile the question of justice in Gastonia remains as important as was, years ago, the question of justice in Paterson. As usual, Communism in America presents itself as a more or less frantically organized emotion, powerless to effect more than a question mark. It can lead to disorder and to momentary community uproar. But all the world knows now (what was far from clear years ago) that it can be subdued not by its own resource of hectic violence, but by that calm and realistic reasonableness which is the spirit of the law. Public opinion in the South is on trial as well for its attitude toward the "labor law breaker" as for its estimate of wealth which, for selfish reasons, has earned the title "predatory."

WEEK BY WEEK

THE effects of the anti-Jewish riots in Palestine will be felt far beyond its borders. The extent of the harm done there could hardly be determined when this was written. The Jewish suburbs of Jerusalem had been pillaged and burned, the rabbinical college at Hebron had been attacked and outlying Jewish colonies had been raided—all to the accompaniment of a steadily mounting death toll, which included nearly a score of Americans, most of them students. What additional tragedies the world may read when all the facts become known can only be a matter of conjecture. The speedy despatch of British troops from Epypt and Malta at first permitted the hope that the crisis was over, but later reports seemed to indicate that what began among the Moslems as an anti-Jewish demonstration might end as a general revolt. Meanwhile, the situation at its minimum is grave enough to prompt a deliberate challenge of the way in which Great Britain has administered the mandate over Palestine. It has been a peculiarly difficult task, unquestionably. The Zionist experiment has juxtaposed within the intimate geographical confines of Palestine two races, two religions, two cultures, whose profound self-consciousness and separateness were already deeply and sombrely engraved in history. But the very nature of the difficulty should have produced special safeguards. The very fact that clashes of a bitter and bloody sort were almost inevitable should have elicited a clear and decisive policy which would have made them impossible. The government responsible for peace in Palestine should never have withdrawn the garrison from that country; and it should have long ago defined and defended the right of the Jews to worship in their immemorial holy places.

Strife in the Holy Land

UNDER the present arrangement, this right is, as it were, half admitted. The Moslems own "legally and absolutely" the site of the famous remnant of Soloman's Temple which is the centre of the controversy; the Jews have permission to resort thither for worship under conditions of restriction against which they have always protested. Invitably, they have striven to enlarge their claims. Inevitably, the Moslem counterclaims are pressed, and exasperate—as lately, when the Moslem Supreme Council received permission to build so near the sacred Wall that to the devout Jew the action constituted a desecration. Such a compromise is clearly more mischievous than the most positive decision would be; and since a positive decision is the indicated alternative here, there can be no doubt that it should be given for the Jew. His right in the holy places is anterior to the Moslem's in history; and, speaking as Christians, we hold that his right is spiritually superior, as well. We have no wish to deny that certain sections among the Palestine Jews have supplied their share of provocation in the present feud. For the Zionist Fascisti to stage a nationalist demonstration before the house of the Grand Mufti in Jerusalem, as the correspondent of the New York World alleges them to have done, was a piece of incredibly childish folly. Zionist leaders deny the story, in so far as it charges the nationalist section with "Fascist" tactics, but the demonstration is not denied. Meanwhile, with the killing of American nationals made the subject of a formal note of expectation from our government to Great Britain; with Britain's own Labor party (which a year ago bitterly protested an almost parallel action of the Conservatives in China) ordering every engine of force immediately available to the scene of

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the conflict—the world is listening to a grim sequel to the talk of universal disarmament.

AS WE write, the Hague conference seems to have made little progress toward extricating itself from the tangle created by Mr. Snowden. Great Britain has, as a matter of fact, encountered opposition on three sides. While the French have consented to transfer a portion of their permanent annuities to the English account, Briand still wields the threat to postpone evacuation of the Rhineland until the debate has been ended satisfactorily. This is profoundly disliked by Germany, whose government is pledged to clearance of the occupied zone. If for the moment there is some talk of hostility to Briand for breach of promise, the whole Reich knows where diplomatic responsibility for any delay would really lie. Meanwhile the German spokesman has made a very effective address, wich recalls the fact that any kind of settlement must ultimately hinge upon the good-will and prosperity of Germany. By comparison Mr. Snowden's endeavor to wring concessions from the other powers, notably Italy, seems a minor affair; but it is probably the one which will cause most disturbance. One imagines that the conference will arrive at a definitive settlement, with Mr. Snowden winning his game. But it is conceivable that the stakes may prove altogether too paltry a substitute for other advantages which his action has imperiled.

Further Wrangling at the Hague

DISCUSSION of the Mexican situation as that figured on the menu of the Institute of Public Affairs of the University of Virginia, possesses the value of an index to what definite groups of people are thinking. Dr. Patrick Ward held that the settlement, while by no means final, was based upon a concession by the government of the privilege to estimate the qualifications of the clergy. One or two Mexican speakers defended the statement that the people proved themselves eminently Catholic under persecution. Dr. Ernest Gruening, for his part, averred that the Mexican constitution is not a legal document but a program rendering possible a code of revolutionary civic action. Because clerical opposition to this was strong, the government countered by instituting measures designed to hamper the work of the Church. He expressed the opinion that not a few of these measures were "obviously oppressive." If one disregards other aspects of the discussion, these essential remarks may be accepted as a fairly accurate sketch of the situation. In so far as the Catholic effort in Mexico has been aimed at revision of a manifestly antagonistic constitution, all signs of victory are not only missing but beyond expectation. The ultimate outcome depends upon "education" as that is interpreted by the Church and by the revolution. If the two programs clash, opposition will ensue. But co-operation—the abandonment of anti-religious propaganda on the one hand, and a helpful social teaching on the other—may eventually bridge over a gulf created by years of suffering and war. What can be done to bring this about? Is assistance from Catholics in the United States practicable?

Estimates of Mexico

THE Canadian Immigration Service had no good reason for deporting Mr. Abraham Rabinovitch, of Windsor, but unfortunately for him it did not realize this until his ship was approaching the coast of France. Then, altogether generously, it sent this message by radio: "Deportation order rescinded. You may return at your own expense." We do not know on what ethical principle the officials have decided that Mr. Rabinovitch must defray the costs of their mistake, but undoubtedly it is the same of which the hunter was aware when, having shot at a deer and killed the farmer's cow, he demanded a slice of beef in return for his wasted bullet. Things would have been much simpler for the Canadian government if it had arranged for Mr. Rabinovitch's transportation back to Windsor. It would have received no unwelcome publicity; it might even have been praised for its sportsmanship. Mr. Rabinovitch would have been quieted; would have felt that this was an example of fair dealing under western skies. Now, if he is an astute gentleman, he will have a bill to present for lost wages and mental suffering. What is more unpleasant, the Immigration officials will find themselves subjected to at least nine days' laughter, and the Canadian government will lose some of its prestige as the model of democracy on the western continent—a reputation which it has been at pains to build up.

Canada's Error

ALL during these months in which the Senate Finance Committee has been sweating over the tariff bill, Mr. Hoover has held to a pleasant position in which he can regard some of the items in the bill as indefensible, and at the same time remain confident that the sentiment of the people will compel Congress to remove them. Consequently there has been no reason for the administration to exert itself. The people are being relied upon, and where they are apathetic, or ignorant, as on the subject of manganese, it may happen that the interests of big business will be in agreement with Mr. Hoover's wishes, and the country will be properly served after all. Now, however, there is good reason for supposing that the bill may carry over into the regular session. Such a delay, for economic and political reasons, the President also regards as indefensible. But in this case he is not at all so sure that public sentiment will dictate to Congress the proper course of action. Here the influence of the administration will not be a superfluous influence, and the President is being "represented" as determined to force action before

Have Faith in the People

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the special session adjourns. One can only ask what attitude he will take if public sentiment shows itself unable to remove the indefensible items of the bill before the allotted time expires.

SOME of the anomalies arising from the Eighteenth Amendment have been rather grim. Thrice welcome, therefore, is the heart-easing mirth of the present situation in California. An arrangement has been reached whereby the Federal Farm Board and a group of western banks will jointly finance a loan of $9,000,000 to the grape industry of that state to ensure stable prices and a satisfactory market to its widely valued product. "Widely valued" is surely not an excessive term. Even before the warm endorsement of Senator Gould, of Maine, appeared in the public press, the juice of the California grape had become at least as generally celebrated as the suavity of the California climate. The price for which a keg of it could be bought, the things that could subsequently be put into it, and the developments that might confidently be looked for therefrom, already easily rivaled new bootleggers and old Scotch as steady topics among that very considerable section of the citizenry actively interested in such things. Hence the industry grew in wealth. Hence its problems took on importance. Hence the Federal Board recognized "raisin and other grapes" grown in California as worthy beneficiaries logically inviting its good offices. This, in itself, is highly treasurable. And the situation is rounded out and made perfect by the fact that Dr. Doran, the federal Prohibition Commissioner, deeply disturbed by reports that Bacchus has been seen in person moving eastward from the Pacific hills, has just undertaken an inquiry into the activities of the California growers. Gilbert, thou shouldst be living at this hour!

Bacchus and His Pards

WHEN the American Catholic is depressed by fiery charges brought against his Church, he may derive some comfort from the thought that a certain gentleness—or perhaps timidity—has prevented the Klan and its associated agencies from emptying the vials of wrath completely. Their very bottom is displayed in a paper recently contributed to the Literary Guide, a London rationalist publication, by Mr. Robert Arch. Our attention was directed to this eminent journal by the London Tablet. Mr. Arch keenly disapproves of Catholic Emancipation, on the ground that it postponed the removal from this earth of "the most baneful and blood-stained organization that ever darkened the human scene." Indeed, he looks forward to the time when the rationalist spirit will be able to deal with Catholics as society now deals with lunatics. "They would," he declares, "be pronounced unfit to propagate and bring up offspring and be compulsorily subjected to a safe and painless operation which would effectively prevent the reproduction of their kind." This policy Mr. Arch justifies on the ground that "toleration" of Catholics involves more of evil and suffering than their suppression would. Unfortunately there is just one flaw in the reasoning so enchantingly outlined. The idea of suppression has been tried, and tried with especial skill by England. But always the "baneful and blood-stained organization" has bobbed up again, appearing each time with a captive group of the country's best and most brilliant souls. These are the people whom Mr. Arch risks losing in his campaign to improve England's quality.

The Klan, Preferred

AMONG the agencies devoted to preparing boys for life by affording the right kind of activity and environment, none is more worthy of approval than the Catholic Boys' Brigade. This organization has been defined as "a nation-wide union of individual branches guided by national and regional headquarters in doing preventive work among all types of boys by means of organized recreation and modern social work." Though first established in New York, the Brigade has spread until it deserves to be termed genuinely and representatively American. At present the directors are engaged in sponsoring a "development campaign," so that a host of new opportunities may not be lost. We recommend the cause most warmly to our readers, feeling that many of them are anxious to help solve the boy problem through the establishment of the proper agencies. Those interested—and who can remain indifferent?—are urged to ask for a copy of Milestone, an informative booklet which reviews the history and purposes of the Brigade. Copies may be obtained upon application to General Headquarters, 217 West 30th Street, New York, New York.

While They Grow

TO ALL lovers of the great doctor it must be pleasant to know that his birthday was satisfactorily remembered by an address delivered at Lichfield by Mr. R. W. Chapman. Strangely enough the world has gone on for 200 years since Johnson was at Oxford without settling the momentous question of his sensitiveness to poetic inspiration. No less a person than Robert Bridges has recently ascribed to him "an unpoetic mind," on the ground that the slashing critique of Lycidas reveals all sorts of incapacities. Of course few will hold that Johnson himself resembled the nightingale or the woodland thrush. Concerned all his life with the criteria of reason and morality, he managed to strike off more than a few maxims in neatly turned couplets, but he realized as well as we do that birth had favored him with no such prosodic genius as Goldsmith carried in his pockets. Mr. Chapman, admitting all this, went on to declare Johnson well endowed with "that part of human excellence which we call the love of beauty." His review

Dr. Johnson and the Poets

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of the doctor's poetic criticism is, indeed, a scrupulously fair and entertainingly convincing summary of the evidence. He concedes generously that the great man was not en rapport with Milton, whose politics and favorite books aroused his ire. On the score of Lycidas he admits that Mr. Bridges may be right, and that Johnson may have erred through petulance or blindness. In one respect, however, the present editor would like to append a word. When the poet laureate avers that "all children are sensitive to the charm of Lycidas" he is obviously generalizing. Experience seems to indicate that youthful souls whom education has not inured to the technique of classical mythology and conventions find Lycidas frighteningly dull and staggeringly stiff.

Defeat in Hollywood

ABOUT three months ago the Actors' Equity Association began actively campaigning for a closed shop in Hollywood, with the assurance that it could win there as it won in New York, by presenting a united front to the producers. Now it has withdrawn from the field, taking with it in recompense for a long struggle only the consolation that it has had an experience which may help it to win another day. Certainly the producers gave it a lesson in organization. When Equity looked its strongest, they were firm for a compromise; when Equity wavered, they had no concessions whatever to make. The campaign began with fair prospects of success, but in the end important issues were lost sight of while Miss Barrymore returned Mr. Gillmore's reproaches by rhapsodizing over the "poor actors—my people." Temperamental outbursts may be effective when the bargain to be driven is between two individuals; it has not recently been considered the proper technique in collective bargaining. All this, of course, Mr. Gillmore knows very well; his problem is to make some of the influntial members of the association realize it, too. It is good strategy to abandon the fight temporarily, and to concentrate on the dissensions within his own forces, before reëngaging the enemy.

The Western Dialect

IT IS not to comment on politics but to instruct the poets that we quote the recent statement of Dr. William Starr Myers to the effect that "Smith's dialect was not acceptable to the American people; Hoover's western dialect was." For while one may not acquiesce in Professor Myers's opinion in its entirety, there was plenty of evidence during the election that where some people were choosing between the candidates on the basis of religion, others, and perhaps a greater number, were voting for an accent. And that is what Dr. Myers meant when he said that the radio was a most important factor in Mr. Smith's defeat. So that if there is ever to be a single American accent it will be nearer to Mr. Hoover's, already endorsed by the populace, than to Mr. Smith's. It will be the accent of Chicago rather than of New York; of Carl Sandburg rather than of John Dos Passos. The prospect may not please some of us, but there is no use denying the inevitability with which the "western dialect" is becoming the American language, and putting an end to the usefulness of such rhymes as are built upon the prolonged "r", the sustained and fondled "a."

How To Be an Amateur

EACH summer we ask ourselves whether the term "amateur champion" does not contradict itself. If the answer is a little more affirmative than usual, it is because Mr. Charles Paddock, who was breaking all the records that ever existed for the 220 a few years ago, and was a very smart performer in the shorter sprints as well, has been telling the inside story of amateur track activities. He says that the men who promote track and field contests, "for their own or somebody else's benefit," realizing how indispensable to the gate is the presence of a celebrated athlete, are not averse to offering him a cash inducement, over and above his expenses, nor he to accepting it. This does not mean that the amateur champion is likely to make a fortune. When he first comes into fame, he has no idea of his own worth to a promoter, and by the time he learns what to ask for, and how to keep from being cheated out of it, his career as a star is near its end. To put an end to this practice, Mr. Paddock suggests that the A. A. U. allow athletes to appear only in supervised meets. This would force the creation of a professional class in track, and it would also give the champion athlete a chance to be honest with himself and with the world. "It is a much finer thing to be an honest professional than a dishonest amateur," writes Mr. Paddock, and we would add that it is perhaps quite as good as being an honest amateur. Certainly it is much less prolific of grief, for who ever heard of a professional who was accused of being an amateur—except, of course, in the eccentric, inspired reporting of Mr. Wodehouse.

Uncle Jim's Home

IT WOULD have been incongruous for Uncle Jim Parks not to sleep his last sleep in Arlington. Those who have visited the stately colonial mansion which looks across the Potomac's waters to the Capitol dome may remember the white-haired Negro who served as guide in the home where he had once been a slave. His "Marse Gawge" was Major George Washington Parke Custis the adopted son of George Washington, and his "Marse Robert" was General Robert E. Lee, the husband of Mary Custis. When in a reminiscent mood he would spin tales of an intimacy to delight historians. He was born on Arlington estate and things like secession, war, emancipation and reconstruction were not understandable before the truth that those Virginia hills and glades were his home. He stopped running errands

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when Lee freed him, but he remained to build forts and then to bury the dead. Bewildered and aging he saw the nation's heroes, "each in his narrow cell forever laid," join the white headstone ranks, but he stayed on. One must pause to applaud the action of the War Department, which is not too often swayed by sentiment, in lifting the ban against civilian burials at Arlington so that Uncle Jim might rest "at home."

Accepting the Superficial

ANALYSIS of a public figure often runs afoul of the pat characterizations which have been fastened on him after consideration of his more spectacular activities or omissions. Mr. Craig F. Thompson's article, New York's Jimmie, in the Nation of August 28, is a case in point. "New York's absent mayor," "Jimmie, the well-dressed mayor," and "the man who does nothing, gracefully" have been so often repeated that these glib appraisals and dismissals of Mr. Walker as an executive are finally defeating themselves. Some people have even examined the record and found that Mr. Walker has to his credit real achievements, notably his forcing state legislation as a necessary first step in subway building and other public improvements. Mr. LaGuardia whose friends go so far in their zeal as to contrast his war record with that of his opponent, must have also discovered the same fact. We hold no particular brief for Mr. Walker. He himself is responsible for the superficial estimation of his administration. He has genuine potentialities, which it is disappointing that he has not realized. But supposedly detached writers should not play the politician's game of disguising facts.

MR. FORD AND THE NEW AGE

MR. HENRY FORD, commenting on the marvels of the present, made manifest to us through Mr. Edison, speaks of a future development "so vast" that it is "beyond our powers of comprehension." Either he was speaking carelessly or he was underestimating the popular imagination. True we may be unable to visualize the details of his development, but we know to what order they will belong. Machines will become more and more human; nature will be brought further under control. Men, freed from the slavery of manual labor and from the capriciousness of the elements, will be able to live for the first time as men. That is what his development would do. It is no secret. Everyone knows it is the dream of all high-minded inventors who, like Mr. Ford and Mr. Edison, are concerned with the burdens of mankind. Invariably, in their old age, they see visions of a future in which mechanics will have made enchanting all the circumstances of existence.

Mr. Ford's machine development is not beyond the general comprehension. What we cannot foresee, however, are the special social and economic problems which will accompany the new age. We do not believe that there will be no problems. As in the past, technical improvements will call for a new technique of living, and there will be suffering in the change. We enjoy advantages of which our ancestors dreamed, and we spend most of our leisure puzzling out answers to problems with which they had no concern. The airplane annihilates time; the radio annihilates space, plumbing annihilates dirt, and so on. We cannot complain because the journey from New York to Chicago takes two months; but we do complain that crack trains are seldom on time; that the coaches are drafty; that one is not safe from cinders even in his berth. We have no quarrel with the hours of work or the wages paid in the best of our factories, but we find it wrong that the machines which have made those hours and wages possible have put some two million citizens of this country out of work. Of course all students of machinery agree that eventually the new methods will create new jobs. Then there will be comparatively little unemployment for five years or ten years—until methods and machines are further improved—when every sixth man will lose his job again.

If the world is in some respects a better place than it was 100 years ago, the improvement is hardly to be attributed to the industrial arts. As we look back over the century of progress, we see what has made us all a little happier has been an expansion of the social consciousness. Despite Neitzsche we are somewhat tenderer of the weak and the infirm than our great-grandfathers were. We are less likely to attribute aberrations of conduct to an innate viciousness, more willing to seek, in sympathy, an understanding of the varying ways of life about us, not quite so sure that we ought to make over everyone else to conform to ourselves. We are more generally eager for peace, at least we are doing more to guarantee it. In these respects life is more agreeable, and when we see signs that such progress is not constant or uniform, when, here and there, we see law attempt to cancel, instead of protect, human liberties, even the invention of the electric light, the automobile, the radio and the airplane cannot console us for what we must regard as retrogression in matters more important than industry. Mr. Ford, of course, does not think with us here. To him, for instance, prohibition is progress. Recently he declared that if the Eighteenth Amendment were repealed he could not continue making automobiles because, in the first place, his workmen would lose their efficiency, and in the second, he could not conscientiously put motor cars in the hands of a drinking people. What he had quite mysteriously forgotten was the fact that his business and his fortune were pretty soundly established some years before the Eighteenth Amendment was passed, and that at the present time he is doing everything possible to put the products of Ford into the hands of the Irish, the English, the French, the Germans and the Russians, not all of whom are chiefly celebrated for sobriety.

If the new age which Mr. Ford welcomes is to be

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remarkable only for its marvels of machinery, we are well content to have escaped it. The future developments for which we most earnestly long are of another order. The new age about which we like to think is one informed by tolerance and friendship, in which humanity will not be denied the criminal, the errant and the weak, in which it will be actively recognized that men are created equal, that they are endowed with inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and in which the notion that progress lies in interfering with these rights will have become more extinct than any Dodo. Whether the men of this time possess electrical conveniences beyond our powers of comprehension will be a trifling circumstance. And they will so regard it.

THE INTERNATIONAL BANK

NO ASPECT of the plan drawn up under the auspices of Mr. Young is either more interesting or more nebulous than the "international bank." Why are the several nations so eager to see it established in that place which each considers most advantageous? In what ways will it solve the haughty puzzles which confront the financial world? These and other queries have been widely commented upon, and it seems desirable that as many citizens as possible should gain some clear view of the matter. We may remark incidentally that one of the best discussions we have seen is that contributed to the August Quarterly Journal of Economics by Mr. Jeremiah Smith, jr. It is true that Mr. Smith does not resemble the prophet whom his surname recalls. He is relatively well satisfied (and we believe correctly) that the "international bank" embodies a remarkable and practical idea.

As was said in a paper contributed to The Commonweal some months ago by Mr. A. E. Monroe, the difficulty underlying Germany's activity as a debtor nation is to effect "transfer of reparation moneys" so that the flow of funds into a high-interest-paying market will not be impeded. Under the Dawes plan, one of the important methods was the sequestration of funds by the agent-general until the normal ebb and flow of capital had been restored. In practice, of course, this weapon was not frequently resorted to, because of the needs of a German industry in process of reconstruction. Mr. Monroe expressed the hope that the office of agent-general would "not be abolished unless some agency is set up to take over this important function." That agency is the proposed "international bank."

According to the language of the Experts' Committee, this bank will affect German reparations by performing "as trustee for the creditor countries, the entire work of external administration of the plan, [and] shall act as the agency for the receipt and distribution of funds, and shall supervise and assist in the commercialization and mobilization of certain portions of the annuities." In general it is also to be concerned with providing "additional facilities for the international movement of funds." The case for the bank rests, therefore, upon several points. Germany cannot herself manage the reparations enterprise, owing to the difficulties involved in distributing payments so that the money market as a whole will not be unduly affected; the bank paves the way for a definitive settlement of the whole problem, eliminating as it does all personal and political factors of the kind attached to the Reparations Commission; the way is now open for the appointment of a management qualified to deal with the situation in the most efficient manner possible; and the need sensed long since for coöperation between the separate banking institutions of the world may be met, at least in a measure. Thus the bank is to become a kind of "international advisory council," similar in a few respects to the Council of the League of Nations itself, the immediate business of which will be the handling of German reparations.

The sponsors of the idea refrained from drawing up a detailed constitution. They merely agreed that the governors of central banks in the several countries interested would constitute the best board of directors, and that the stock for the institution should be subscribed by those banks. There can be no doubt that such a personnel will be able to cope with affairs in a competent manner. The most important question is this: will the institution wax so large that it will endanger other banking institutions and eventually "corner" a significant portion of the world's funds? It is pointed out in reply that the amount of capital stock is relatively small, and that its available funds would ordinarily never equal those manipulated by any one of the large New York banks. The plan also specifies a number of other restrictions designed to maintain freedom from competition.

If one may summarize all the available information, it would seem that this part of the Young plan is distinctly worthy of approval. The government of the United States will, it is true, enter into no official association with the proposed bank. It confronts it with the same policy which has governed American relations with other agencies of international coöperation developed since the war—a policy which favors private participation in such endeavors but takes cognizance of the public desire for isolation from Europe. A more serious objection grows out of the fact that the whole Young plan, like precedent arrangements, is based upon the assumption of Germany's full guilt. This is already being repudiated by historians, and one may doubt if any large number of citizens in the former Allied countries really cling to it. The victory insisted upon it, however; and while the machinery proposed might tend to establish the European status quo more firmly, eventual modification must be expected not from conferences of diplomats but from the natural order of political and economic developments. Meanwhile we may well be grateful for the progress toward sanity that has obviously been made.

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THE WILLEBRANDT SEARCHLIGHT

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

What is the significance of Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt as a woman of letters? In the following paper Mr. Thompson contends that she is neither Little Red Riding Hood nor Carrie Nation but a woman who is reporting what she saw in the inner citadel of American politics. Whether you agree with this diagnosis or not, you are likely to agree that Mr. Thompson has used it excellently as an incentive to focusing a searchlight upon habits of mind and forms of action which sometimes are not what they seem. And he properly analyzes his subject, not as a woman, but as a politician.—The Editors.

SELDOM does a professional politician lift the veil and let the audience see the wheels go round, intentionally or unintentionally. The numerous memoirs and autobiographies of politicians tell the gallery nothing on that subject. Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, a professional politician, incidentally to her exposition of her experiences in enforcing the prohibition law, lifts the veil with almost indecent frankness. Reading her, you get a close-up of politics with all the wheels clanking, all the forges burning behind the scenes, all the foremen and assistant foremen putting the mechanics at their stools, all the ingredients of the patent medicines brewed in the factory. She shows them to you bare-armed, unshirted, from anvil to cutting-machine, clipping the clothes and stirring the vats for the heroes facing the footlights.

This was not Mrs. Willebrandt's motive. She was intent on revealing her adventures as a member of two presidential administrations, nothing more. But this article will courteously but firmly refuse to listen to her on prohibition, and focus its gaze on this by-product, which might be called, if The Commonweal's length of headline permitted, A Professional Politician Shows Up Professional Politics Good and Plenty.

To begin with, we must rid our minds of an irrelevant preconception which invariably plays hob with any discussion of the interesting activities of Mrs. Willebrandt. This preconception is that she is a woman. The correct preconception, if one is to talk about her doings at all, is that she is a politician. She does happen to be a woman, but politics is of no sex. If her name were Henry Simpkins or Terry Harrigan instead of Mabel Willebrandt, her political proceedings could be appraised by anybody; the irrelevant but confusing fact that her name is Mabel and that her garb includes skirts instead of trousers bewilders the critical faculty. In all things she, and other female politicians, act just as Henry and Terry would (and have, from time immemorial) and from the same motives. There is nothing new about what they do; it is all as old as politics.

Just because this erroneous preconception does bewilder the critical faculty, editorial persons seek to account for the Willebrandt doings on some theory, which they would not do if Barney or Terry did precisely the same things. The favorite theories have been (1) that she is an innocent, venturing into an unknown field and doing rather odd things because of that virgin outlook of hers; and (2) that she is a fanatic, ready to light the fagots to carry to the utmost limit her idealistic devotion to what she, being a woman, thinks a sacred cause. Let us divest ourselves of these preconceptions and try to proceed on the theory that her name is Boies Penrose, Charles F. Murphy or John F. Hylan, instead of Mabel Walker Willebrandt. Then only will we be in a mental condition to understand the revelations she makes when she lifts the lid off the political pot and shows us the crawlings of the peevish crustaceans in the hot water.

She herself is no hypocrite and does her level best to purge the contemporary mind of its preconceptions of her as being different from other politicians because of the accident that she wears skirts and is called Mabel. "I am not unwilling to be regarded as, nor perhaps is it unfair, to call me a 'politician,' " she says, and throughout her articles she proceeds to prove it up to the hilt. Herein, for she speaks the solid truth there, lies the value of her revelations about politics from the inside.

A word more about her equipment. It is that of a chronic and professional office-holder, which term I do not mean to be disrespectful, having known many admirable persons who made a profession of office-holding. Soon after she was admitted to the bar, she held her first office—unremunerative, but a stepping-stone to fatter ones—and kept on until Mr. Hoover ungratefully sacrificed her to public opinion for merely following the directions of his political boon companions. (She does not say this last, but it is the fact, as I will demonstrate.) This is not new; many a man whose aim is office-holding gets admitted to the bar as the first step and then begins to pull wires, not for clients but for jobs. It is the oldest story in politics. Mrs. Willebrandt knew all the ins and outs of the game from the beginning, and before she started to play it.

The first lesson to be drawn from her revelations is that in politics—not in the much-abused municipal politics, but the high-toned, kid-gloved game played in campaign times by Presidents and national committees and senators and Cabinet officers—principle counts for nothing, expediency for everything. Along with this goes the revelation that the so-called "issues" which so excite the voter quadrennially that he is ready to die for them, or at any rate fight for them, are bunk—carefully calculated bunk. The great men who have

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the direction of the popular mind, destitute themselves of convictions which would make them fight or die for these "issues," reckon mathematically the precise degree to which an "issue" may affect the local vote in the state of Kentaska or the state of Michinois, and play it up or down, or omit it altogether, accordingly. More, they reckon in the same mathematical manner—that of a physician with a stethoscope—on the heart-beats not only of a state or city, but of a religious denomination or a racial bloc or anything else. Of anything possessed of the essential commodity, which is votes.

For illustration, there is Mrs. Willebrandt's most famous exploit—her address to the Methodist ministers, inciting them to work as Methodists against Alfred E. Smith. It was not her exploit at all. She says it was not, and divests herself of the fame she got. It was the exploit of the Republican National Committee. "Over my own written protest," she says, she was "urged" by that committee "to make that speech." Anybody who knows the A B C of politics knows that the word "urged" means "ordered." She was an office-holder, and office-holders who are also stump speakers know well what it means when the party bosses "urge" them to make a certain kind of campaign speech, or to do anything else, for that matter.

Despite this, she was still recalcitrant, for she says it took "two telegrams" from the Hoover managers to get her on the train for Springfield, Ohio, speech in hand. With most office-holding politicians it would not have taken more than one. Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do what the managers tell them to. Out of office a stump speaker can be more independent, and the late Bourke Cockran, for example, could and did refuse to make speeches unless his conditions had been accepted.

The managers did not care, either, whether Mrs. Willebrandt's own opinions were in line with the speech she was called on to make or not. She might, for all they cared, have rooted opinions against inciting Methodists to go into politics in their capacity as churchmen. She may not have had such opinions, but she does tell us that she was neither a prohibitionist on principle nor an anti-Catholic on principle. She was so far from being a prohibitionist that she drank herself—in moderation, of course—until the advent of Volsteadism. Being interpreted, as every politician knows, this meant "until it became bad politics to be known as a drinker, even in moderation." The advent of Volsteadism coincided with Mrs. Willebrandt's first chance to make good in politics, and it was the part of wisdom to banish the social glass from her home. I have in mind the ex-governor of a very great state, one who not so long ago had presidential ambitions, who proceeded in this matter exactly as Mrs. Willebrandt did. And this is nothing to his discredit, or hers; no hypocrisy is involved; they both valued the fun of drinking much less than they did their political position and prospects, and had every moral right to make that choice.

Nor was she bigoted in religion. According to her story, she revels in the friendship of Catholics and has no prejudices whatever against the Church, and there is no reason whatever to doubt her. Besides, the little touches on that subject in her story have the accent of truth. But the National Committee cared nothing what her opinions were. It wanted to stack up the Methodist vote in its pile of chips; it wanted a speech made that would copper-rivet that bank of votes beyond reclaim, and in casting about for the right speaker to turn the trick it fixed on Mabel Willebrandt. She did not want to do it, for some reason she does not state; but after protesting in writing and getting that second telegraphic order, she obeyed, being, to her own mind, a good soldier.

Was the National Committee, then, composed of religious bigots or fanatical prohibitionists? Not at all; it was composed of Hoover's managers, headed by his personal nominee for the chairmanship, ex-Secretary Hubert Work. It was not fanatical about either prohibition or the putting of churches in politics; what it was fanatical about was getting votes by hook or crook. "Issues," to its mind, were only rakes for voters. How little it was bigoted on either subject may be seen from the fact that it included both wets and drys in its membership, and that Mrs. Willebrandt, before delivering her speech, submitted it to a Catholic official of the Committee to edit, if he chose.

"National Committee" is a combination of words that sounds mystical to the non-political mind, as such corporate names always do. It projects the image of a vague and inhuman personality. It would convey a much clearer idea to drop that word and say simply, "Mr. Hoover's managers." Who, then, were the people whom Mrs. Willebrandt, not caring to be too explicit except in one case, designates by that comfortable, far-away title of "National Committee"?

President Hoover himself chose Hubert Work to head the Committee, and did it against the wishes of the best politicians in the party, such as Senator George H. Moses, and of the men who had brought about his own nomination, such as James W. Good, now Secretary of War. He thought Work was a cleverer man than he turned out to be. The rest of the Committee consisted of a man from each of the forty-eight states, chosen by the politicians of the state as the best man in it to handle national politics from its angle. It is needless to say that the whole forty-eight did not meet solemnly in conclave every time a speaker was to be sent anywhere, or every time anything was planned by Chairman Work or Mr. Hoover (who took an unusually close personal interest, for a candidate, the general management of the recent contest.)

No, it had sub-committees to attend to such details. The chairman of its Speakers' Bureau was Representa-

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tive Walter Newton of Minnesota; and who is Mr. Newton? At present, he is one of Mr. Hoover's "secretaries," and also one of the managers of the machine in the House of Representatives, where he is supposed to be the President's courier. Mrs. Willebrandt named no names when she told how her protest was overridden in "two telegrams" from "the National Committee." In the same way, the publicity was directed by Henry J. Allen, now Senator from Kansas, who, though not a bigoted man, gave considerable attention to arousing prejudice of certain peculiar kinds against Governor Smith. Finally, the speech was examined by James Francis Burke, a Catholic, and received his O. K. Mr. Burke's so-called "denial" is no denial. He says he did not "urge" Mrs. Willebrandt to make the speech. She charged him, not with urging, but with editing; and his denial is that of a man who, charged with forging a check, should indignantly say, "Why, to say that I robbed a hen-roost is wholly false."

What we have seen so far is politics; not Republican politics, but any kind of politics; soulless, crafty, without heart or mind. In the next article I shall discuss Mrs. Willebrandt's further elucidations.

JAN TOOROP

By KEES VAN HOEK

WHEN Jan Toorop died in March, 1928, the whole Dutch nation mourned the loss of one of its greatest sons. The death of a great painter ought to be felt as a bereavement in a country more famous even for its schools of painting than for any of its other manifold glories. But Toorop was the first artist who found himself at the end of his life already universally recognized as a national figure. Holland never cared greatly for her own great men, even when their names were pronounced with veneration throughout the civilized world. And today, when overdeveloped individuality has resulted in countless divisions between classes and cliques, political parties and groups, religious creeds and sects, nothing proves more strongly the super-national eminence which Toorop attained than the committee which is preparing the erection of his statue. The highest aristocracy are united with the Communist intelligentsia, conservative Cabinet ministers with the leaders of the Socialist party, the Catholic episcopate with the heads of other denominations, to honor his genius.

The son of a Scandinavian father and a Javanese mother, Toorop was born in 1858 at Poeworedjo on Java, the main island of Holland's colonial empire. As a boy of fifteen he was sent to Holland to study for a post in the Dutch East Indian civil service. But the student of Delft's technical university was far more thrilled by the artistic genius of old Delft masters like Vermeer than by the modern genius of Delft's renowned engineers. After a wasted year he went to Amsterdam to study under Professor Allebe at the National Academy of Arts. The talent nearly suffocated in the cold mathematical atmosphere of Delft blossomed into ripe promise.

He was a close friend of the deeply religious Derkinderen, who later on as Allebe's successor became one of the lights of his art. After their Amsterdam years, the two boys went together to Belgium, where Toorop lived in the little village of Machelen.

It was in the days when a Dutch statesman had wittily remarked: "He who is under thirty and not a Socialist has no heart, but he who is over thirty and still a Socialist has no head." Toorop was under thirty and his heart was the dominating impulse in all his actions. He was a Socialist. With his friend, Jules Destrée, he helped the strikers in the Borinage and was later arrested for having demonstrated in Parliament before the reading of the Speech from the Throne.

It is amusing to follow the mockeries of history. Nobody would have thought, when the young heathen rascal Toorop went abroad with the pious Derkinderen, that the former and not the latter would emerge as the great inspirer of a new religious art. Could Jules Destrée have imagined in those Borinage days that in later years he himself would be a minister of state and his equally hot-blooded Dutch friend, the painter of royalty?

Together with Destrée and Emile Verhaeren, Toorop came to London, where he stayed from 1885 to 1889. The painter of contrasts—which he remained all his life—he found in the great metropolis ample stimulus for his versatility. During the week he took the dirty beggars from London Bridge to his studio or painted his Before the House of Refuge, in which all the misery of a great town is told. But on Sunday afternoons he was the guest of aristocratic art protectors, and Trio Fleuri, the three white-clad ladies in the sunny garden, could not have been surpassed by any court painter à la mode.

He married, in London, the beautiful Irish Miss Hall. Mrs. Toorop (who died nine months after her husband, in January) was herself Anglican, but together they used to go to the Farm Street church, or listen to the liturgical singing at the Oratory. It was in London that Toorop met Cardinal Manning, whose social ideas made a tremendous impression on the young idealist. For the first time he tasted the social doctrines of the Catholic Church and the impression of England's Cardinal remained with him all his life, as can be seen from the many Manning faces incorporated in his later creations.

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It was, however, not until 1905 that Toorop was converted to the Faith. His wife had preceded them in their London years. Manning's personality had made the soil of his soul fertile; the reading of Thomas à Kempis caused unlimited self-reflection. But the great ray of grace came on that day when he strolled into a church and the sight of a packed audience stirred him to remain. It was long after the benediction when the verger had to tell a sobbing man in a far-away corner that he was presently going to close and lock the doors.

In 1889 Toorop returned to Holland, where, although he traveled widely, he lived for the rest of his life. He resided alternately in the Hague and Amsterdam, or in bungalows near the coast, at Katwijk or Domburg, where the fishermen with their straight-cut faces and powerful features were his ideal models. Asked for the secret of one of his great masterpieces, The Last Supper (now in the Municipal Museum at Amsterdam) he used to point to those sturdy natives of his fishing village and answer, "Did not the Lord say that He would make from mere fishers, fishers of men?"

Berlage, the greatest of modern Dutch architects, paid a fitting tribute to the rising fame of the painter by inviting him to decorate his famous Exchange at Amsterdam. Foreign visitors may find in this temple of Holland's economic activities, biblical scenes on the grey ceramic walls—Christ and the Samaritan woman, for instance—painted there by an artist who was moving toward Catholicism.

Toorop had to struggle many years, not for the recognition of his art so far as the artistic world was concerned, but certainly for an understanding by the general public. True to the land of his birth, he was "mysticus." He saw men as the bearers or symbols of deep inner realities. His eastern predisposition admired the sumptuosity of Catholicism, and the northern blood in his veins made him appreciate the cooler blend which is so peculiar to the Catholicism of our hemisphere.

Love was the base of his philosophy. In unbalanced youth it had attached him to the Red flag. He remained true, his whole life through, to his high ideals of faith and hope, and of love as the only power behind all things. Hence his conversion to Catholicism opened the way to the greatest heights of his genius: his art and his character.

In Holland things stood no better than anywhere else. Catholics, the clergy first, with no sense of taste, had wasted money and energy sponsoring those awful fabrications which, turned out by wholesale, still "adorn" most of our sanctuaries. The taste of the people advanced slowly, but its development was timely enough to put fine opportunities at the artist's disposal. The bishop of Haarlem offered him, shortly after his conversion, the decoration of the Aloysius chapel in his new cathedral of Saint Bavo. Many orders followed. Always there was a place for what his busy hand turned out, but nothing surpasses the famous Stations of the Cross in the parish church of Oosterbeek, perhaps the most discussed modern work in Holland, in which Toorop revealed the infinite treasures still hidden in the possibilities of religious art.

Powerful as Michelangelo in the conception of his apostolic figures, Toorop ranks with Botticelli in the fragrant tenderness of his child studies. Here he found his first contact with the general public.

In portrait painting, nobody had quite the same power of assimilating the character of a sitter. Who can help admiring his great portraits—the serene Dr. Raymakers, the distinguished provincial of the learned Dutch Jesuits; or the hard-toiling Monsignor Ariens, that social pioneer burdened under the troubles of thousands; or the determined Bishop Callier; or the incomparably charming queen mother, the country's darling old lady.

Vincent van Gogh at the end of his life wrote to his brother: "If I had power to continue I would like to paint portraits of saints from nature. They would have looked like examples from past ages, though in fact they would have been men of our own day, but with a far more spiritual relationship to primitive ideals."

What Van Gogh planned, shortly before his untimely death, his friend Toorop has been able to give the world: images of the great saints, but images for which the sturdy fishermen of the North Sea or the leaders of thought and action in our times, from Manning to Mussolini, stood model.

The last decade of his life was a martyrdom. He was paralyzed in both feet. Painting became impossible and he had to work with pencil and chalk. "How can you work so wonderfully with all those pains tormenting you?" a friend asked. And there was the serenity of a whole life in the unexpected reply: "I work so wonderfully well, thanks to my pains." Hundreds of touching incidents could be related of this period: how in a crowded tram car everyone lifted his hat when the great artist was wheeled across the road; or of the little, unknown girl who walked beside his invalid chair and assured the grey master, "I know who you are and we pray every night for your sick leg."

During his last illness he produced his swan song, The Prayer. It is painted on small pieces of paper, afterward pasted together. From out a visionary rainbow Christ's face lights up. To Him the painter with the tormented face and the weary eyes lifts his hands, holding a little rosary cross, praying for mercy in his final hour, soon to strike now. These hands rival Dürer's; in ardent faith and sublime devotion they are the very essence of art's majesty. These were the hands of Toorop, the great laborer who glorified labor through his genius, and who was at the same time only the humble worker in God's vineyard. His elegy said truly: "In art the greatest, in love superior."

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POOR MAN, BEGGAR MAN

By HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

IN JUNE, 1926, I arose from my instructor's desk in a large eastern university and announced that I was through. I was weary of chattering undergraduates and their $50,000-a-year ambitions; I was bored by my academic colleagues and their $3,000-a-year realities. Something of a belated revolutionary impulse (probably the aftermath of a too pious youth) was boiling within me, and I was of a mind to let it boil. As I remember it, my idea was to be poor, and in my salad verdancy I fancied I had picked an easy billet for myself. I resolved like Thoreau to have only one coat; like Tolstoy I would work in the fields; like Francis I would walk barefoot and hymn the sun. Quite without humor I decided to go in for plain living, high thinking and the articulation of such lyric poesies as I should find within me.

Of cash I had almost none, but by selling a rather cluttery collection of books and furniture I obtained a sum large enough to take me to Oakum. I had heard of Oakum as a hamlet in central New York where rents were grass cheap and the conditions of life absolutely primitive. Actually rents were low; for $100 a year I hired a comfortable farmhouse of five rooms, well furnished with heavy furniture, plenty of iron cooking utensils and a barrelful of chipped crockery. To celebrate my departure from the university I got married, and brought my bride of two days to this bucolic retreat, dedicated to the germane pursuits of poverty and minor verse.

At first, we certainly did live plainly. I figured that I could make $50 a month writing reviews, which would provide amply for our needs, yet leave no embarrassing surplus. Food was cheap. Cornmeal mush; milk, eggs and butter from a nearby farmer; and a few small deer that I killed with a borrowed shotgun, kept us fatly dieted. A barrel of windfall apples, preserved, baked, and made into a hundred pies, lasted six months. From a hand-me-down truck garden we got a whole summer's worth of fresh vegetables, onions to peas, peas to beans, beans to corn and corn to pumpkins. Wild grapes gave us wine for the pressing, and cider cost $.04 a gallon. During that first fall and winter, our bill for food was never more than $15 a month. Firewood, which I split but did not fell, was $10 more. Rent and kerosene amounted to $10 or $11 a month, and we allowed ourselves $5 for such luxuries as candy, tobacco and newspapers. The books that I reviewed supplied us with double reading matter: first, the volume itself; second, the free copy of the periodical in which the review appeared. We got through that first winter very pleasantly without a radio, phonograph or automobile. The wildest sum of money we spent was $4 on a set of chessmen. If this was the beginning of evil, how humble a beginning it was! In one year we played nearly a thousand hours with that chess set, a pleasure which cost us somewhere in the neighborhood of a quarter of a cent an hour.

Fortunately, we lived in a colony of congenial spirits, chiefly young artists, who, like ourselves, were cutting down on the luxuries of life in order to secure greater leisure for the practice of their art. They were chiefly sculptors and painters, preparing for their first exhibitions and living on faith and credit while they served their long apprenticeship. We were all poor together, and being not at all inclined to worry about it we entertained each other almost every evening with conversation, charades, arguments and impromptu shows. These shows were elaborately costumed, the costumes being improvised from a trunkload of old shawls, vests, scarves and boots that was an essential part of every householder's equipment. A young painter named Charley Garrison had the most marvelous slop trunk I ever saw, and when we played at his house our costumes were indeed weird and wonderful. At one of Garrison's parties I remember jigging for two hours and a half (without stopping) in an Eskimo costume, while a now famous potter played a single tune on a broken-down flute. Yet we were drinking nothing but home-made 3 per-cent beer, which at an average cost of a cent a glass was as rich a beverage as we could afford. With applejack at $5 a quart there was no danger of our parties becoming bacchic routs. Furthermore, we were all so property-less and tax-free that we could leap to the tabor's sound at the mildest note of provocation.

Blessed are the poor, indeed. But just try to stay blessed in this country!

I do not know exactly how the débâcle began, but I think we all started to worship the golden calf of property when Charley Garrison drove home from the county-seat in a clattering Ford. It had no starter and at least one good tire, and Charley had paid $20 for it at an auction. For a while the community reveled in the possession of Charley's car; we traveled everywhere in it; picnics, fishing and sketching trips were made en famille, with never less than ten passengers in the old Model T. It certainly earned its keep, that car—until one ill-fated day when I borrowed it to haul a sack of coal. Briefly, I broke the crankshaft and had to buy a new one—which cost $18.

The idea of parting with two month's rent instead of terrifying me, only made me bold, crafty and material. "If I can write a 2,500-word article on Paul Claudel," I reasoned, "I could get $50 at a single smack." So I wrote a tidy little paper on Claudel's poetry (which I certainly enjoyed) and in due course of time received a check for $50. It was a mountain

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of money, but an avalanche of automobile shopping wiped it away, and when the roar of the gold slide quieted down I found myself the owner of a self-starting, well-rubbered "Chevvy"—a better, brawnier car than Garrison's Ford had ever been.

For a time I was the acknowledged skipper of the fleet, but one bright day I learned that our local potter had sold a terra-cotta rhinoceros, the first big piece he had ever sold, and had received a check for $450. We all went around to look at the check, and when we found it was drawn on a good bank by a responsible gallery, we scarcely knew whether to offer condolences or congratulations. Anyway, the potter cashed the check and bought a smart-looking coupé (second-hand of course) and we were all plunged into a whirling vortex of competitive car-buying. The ticker was an hour behind when the market closed, leaving me the owner of a 110-horsepower Mercedes (sixth hand) which traveled exactly nine miles on a gallon of gasoline and ruined a fifty-dollar bill every time I bought a tire for it. You may well believe that I did some overtime article writing to keep that Mercedes in good humor.

Then the antique fever set in. We were living in the midst of a rural community where maple low-boys, black walnut chests and mahogany tables had lain under coats of white enamel for three generations. Garrison again touched off a fuse when he bought a cherry-wood cabinet for $10. It was heavily disguised by four coats of paint, but when he scraped it down, waxed and polished it, the piece immediately took on a dazzling beauty and a tenfold value. My emulative fires were up and roaring. I should have known better, because in the late Mercedes fracas I had utterly neglected the twin voices of philosophic poverty and minor verse, but we really needed a dining-room table and laid aside $15 to purchase one. After hunting all over the countryside, we came across a rare drop-leaf specimen in cherry, being used as an ironing board in a farmhouse. My voice probably betrayed my eagerness, or else the farmer had baited his hook too cleverly for me! That table cost us $25, and the four chairs that went with it, came to $10 more. We lugged them home, scraped, waxed and polished for a couple of weeks, and found that we really had the nucleus of a stunning dinner set. But in order to pay for it I had to sit down and write a detective novelette, which took a good two weeks and left me in no condition for the delicate sandpapering of my sonnets.

On such a table we could not possibly spread our barrel of crockery, so a china foray ensued. A friend who was moving to Europe had a set of real Sèvres which she offered to us at a third of its value. We succumbed to the temptation—and then had to find a suitable china closet in which to house our treasure. The china closet that we selected was of maple, and had leaded glass doors. It was a beautiful piece of furniture no doubt, but as I sat down to concoct another pot-boiler I began to grow apprehensive.

Meanwhile our style of living had undergone an unconscionable change. I had never really liked hamburger, and found myself very glad to eat unchopped steak whenever possible. Obviously it was a bit incongruous, also, to eat thick stews off of thin porcelain; clear soups began to appear on the menu along with salads that our own garden could not possibly supply. When we had guests in, which was at least twice a week, we felt the necessity (heaven knows how we fought against the sin of ostentation) of giving them a roast to work on. Naturally they reciprocated in kind, and the provision bills began to mount throughout the community.

Babies began to appear. Now an upstate baby only costs $60, hospital bill and all, and for the first two or three years a baby's food costs no more than a puppy's. But while it is true that a nice baby is not a great expense, it is a fairly heavy liability—a kind of domestic kedge that prevents care-free wind-jamming and ad lib Eskimo-jigging. In the heavy chain of property worries no link is stronger than a baby. One is not afraid of being poor himself, but not many men can blithely involve a child in poverty. No philosophic preacher of poverty ever had a family at his elbow. Rousseau deserted his, Thoreau never married and Tolstoy's royalties luckily met his domestic debts.

At the end of two years we were all family heads, and in order to ride the rising wave of responsibility every one of us was obliged to spend a constantly increasing part of our time in commercializing. Charley Garrison had to go down to New York every week to get a few illustrating jobs. I had to trek down to the editorial offices to speed the flow of review copies and suggest ideas for tentative articles. Naturally, all of my ideas were not accepted, and I found myself writing a great quantity of stuff in order to assure a 50 percent sale. Meanwhile I was producing no poetry. Charley Garrison was painting no landscapes. The potter was turning out more pieces than he really cared to make, thus reducing the value of any single piece; and the other painters and sculptors in the community were obliged to compromise with their various ideals in order to obtain a larger monthly income. We had all become entangled with the old Laocoon of property, and were grimly fighting for a foothold on the higher plane of living to which the monster had dragged us.

You see, many of us had become home-owners. Because our houses were antiquated, without plumbing and out of repair, we were able to buy them—and the three or four acres of land surrounding them—for a little more than $2,000. As investments, the houses were perfect; property was on the rise, and the scenery and environment were incomparably fine. The temptation to acquire a home in the country has to be fought down by everyone—but we were already living on familiar terms with the temptation, and needless to say, it triumphed. For a surprisingly small amount of cash we acquired title to a few broad acres, a few

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splendid trees and a house that badly needed fixing. Three or four of our neighbors were in exactly the same circumstances, and together we set our faces (and earning powers) to the grim task of retinning roofs, painting, plastering and generally improving our property. Farewell to irresponsible flute-playing and costume-mongering. A long farewell to Eskimo-jigging and grape-hunting. Adieu, poesy and poverty.

We were getting along quite decently, however, when suddenly our problem became even more complicated. The community in which we lived, being fairly accessible to New York city, and a region of natural scenic beauty, began to experience that strange upheaval known as a boom. Property values shot up overnight, and with them our taxes, insurance, overhead and upkeep went soaring. Into our little village of Oakum, our rustic hamlet nestling in an obscure pinfold of the Catskills, poured a swelling flood of monied strangers, vacationists and commercial exploiters of the arts. Their fine clothes and silvered automobiles made our rickety houses and shabby clothing seem pretty tatterdemalion. They had a lot of money, while we did not have quite enough. It would have been foolish to have entered into competition with them on a property-holding basis, and we were sensible enough not to attempt it. Still, we saw ourselves being crowded out of the picture we had framed for ourselves, the pleasant picture of comfortable indigence and economic security. The tradespeople were no longer interested in handling the comparatively cheap food and clothing that we had to have; the farmers found that they could double their prices on butter, eggs and milk. The local carpenters formed a union and sent their rate up from $3 to $6 a day. For us, Oakum was ruined.

During the past year we have found ourselves working harder than ever to provide the bare necessities of life. But what have these "bare necessities" turned out to be? Food and shelter? Not at all! As life runs in Oakum today, good cars, sports clothing and equipment, radios, pictures, books, alcohol and frequent trips to Europe are the irreducible minimum of existence. Possessing these things, one can be said to live and take a humble place in the community. Not possessing them—well, but why not possess them, since they are so easy to be had?

In most countries it is difficult to acquire property; in this country it is difficult not to acquire it. Saint Francis himself would have a hard time keeping his vow of poverty in Oakum today. For with the loftiest intentions in the world, it is impossible for Americans of active habit to avoid the property-holding implications of our national life. It is impossible for us to strip down to essentials, and stay stripped; impossible to deny the claims of the highly competitive society in which we live. Though we whittle and prune diligently in our efforts to cut down excessive chattel foliage we find ourselves overrun with briery possessions and parasitic belongings. And though it would be a blessed relief for most of us to fling our possessions into a convenient pond, we simply cannot do it. Not because we are afraid to—but because we know it would not solve anything. Within a year we should have more property than we threw away, and mountains of new responsibilities to take the places of the old ant hills.

In desperation we sweep and garnish our hearts, driving out the seven devils of taxable worries; but they soon repossess us, and our last state is infinitely worse than our first. Blessed are the poor, indeed! But try and stay poor, and you will find that every deck you call for is stacked against you, and that it is easier for a camel to enter a very small needle's eye than for a poor man to stay poor in America today.

FARM RELIEF BY AID OF CHEMISTRY

By ROBERT STEWART

IT MAY be that the secret of the successful handling of our surplus farm commodities lies in their use in other ways than as food products. Perhaps the solution of the farm problem lies with the industrial chemist rather than with the politician or even with the farmer himself.

The possibilities of the situation are well illustrated in the case of cotton. A writer in a popular magazine, according to the twelfth United States census, said: "Cottonseed was a garbage in 1860, a fertilizer in 1870, a cattle feed in 1880, and a table food in 1890." But since that time the industrial use of cottonseed has increased to a marvelous degree. This waste product of the farm, which often occasioned restrictive legislation regarding its disposal, is now the raw material from which over $500,000,000 worth of useful products is made, two-fifths of which is returned to the cotton producer to help increase his profits. Cottonseed is used for the production of oil and cottonseed cake. The oil is used for miner's lamp oil, in the production of soap and soap powders, glycerin, nitroglycerin and pitch, which is employed, in turn, in the manufacture of roofing paint and composition roofing.

In the pressing of the oil from the cottonseed a difficulty was encountered in the fact that the fuzz or lint on the cottonseed absorbed a large quantity of the oil. The seed was delinted by machinery and the linters found a limited use as mattress stuffing and as cotton batting that was worth only $.01 a pound. The war caused a demand for this material for the manufacture of explosives and at its close linters were

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worth $.14 a pound. This material is now much sought after in the industrial world. It is used for producing the beautiful lacquer finish of automobiles, for upholstery, leather substitutes, toilet articles of all kinds such as brushes, combs, mirror backs, toothbrushes, kodak and movie films, sausage casings, rayon and fine paper.

The four-year average production of corn in the United States is 2,676,220,000 bushels. For each bushel of shelled corn there are fourteen pounds of corn cobs produced. The annual production of corn cobs is therefore 19,000,000 tons, which now largely goes to waste. The Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture has studied the possibilities of the use of this waste in industry quite thoroughly. When corn cobs are submitted to distillation, various important chemical products are obtained. One hundred tons of corn cobs would produce, on distillation, forty-five tons of adhesive A and thirty tons of adhesive B, thirty-five tons of cellulose, three tons of acetate of lime and one and one-half tons of furfural. Treatment of adhesive A with dilute acids increases materially the yield of furfural. Furfural has many uses in industry. It is valuable as a paint and varnish remover, it is used in the manufacture of bakelite and to make synthetic resins, and as an anti-knock substance in gasoline, and it may some day really supplant gasoline as a fuel for motor cars and other combustion engines. About 10 percent of corn cobs by weight is furfural.

For every bushel of wheat produced on the farm there are also produced eighty pounds of straw: the wheat has a market value while the straw is a waste product. Yet a ton of dried wheat straw on being distilled in the absence of air gives from 10,000 to 12,500 cubic feet of purified combustible gas; 625 to 640 pounds of carbon residue; ten to twenty gallons of valuable straw oil and 400 pounds of pitch. The straw oil is very similar to coal tar and may serve as a valuable source of many new chemical products. From these straw products roofing cement, auto enamel, metal paint, carbon valuable for various industrial uses such as in the manufacture of rubber tires, auto top dressing, barn paint, fly spray, stock dips, germicides, boiler scale remover, rust eliminator, etc., have been produced and are now offered for sale on the market.

Cork was formerly the most desirable form of insulating material, but the world's supply of cork is not keeping pace with the world's demand. The methods by which cork is produced are also primitive and uneconomical. The United States Forest Products Laboratory at Madison, Wisconsin, has developed a process for producing a new type of insulating material from wheat straw. A manufacturing concern in St. Joseph, Missouri, is producing this board on a twenty-four-hour production basis and is turning out 125,000 square feet of board every working day. The straw board has structural strength as well as insulating value and is meeting with a ready market in the industrial world.

Sugar cane bagasse, the waste product left after the sugar has been extracted, was formerly used only as a fuel. It is now manufactured into insulating board, and a new market is thus created for a by-product of the farm. The yield of sugar cane varies from twenty-five to forty-three tons per acre. A ton of sugar cane will produce 500 pounds of wet bagasse, and the price paid by the insulating board manufacturing company is $.25 per ton. A low yield of ten tons of sugar cane thus brings to the farm an additional $2.50 per acre to help reduce the cost of producing sugar cane, while a high yield of forty tons of cane per acre would mean $10 additional for what was formerly waste material.

Insulating board is also manufactured from other farm waste products. A company in Dubuque, Iowa, is producing such board from cornstalks. It is claimed that 2,000 square feet of wall board of high quality are produced from a ton of cornstalks. Iowa alone produces 10,000,000 tons of cornstalks, sufficient to produce 20,000,000,000 square feet of wallboard per year.

Most of our paper now in use is made from wood pulp but paper has been made from many farm wastes. Straw was at one time used as raw material. Any plant with a heavy growth of fibrous material is a potential source of paper manufacture. Sugar cane bagasse and corn stover are interesting possibilities for such use. In fact a paper factory is already in operation for the production of paper from sugar cane bagasse in Cuba.

A good quality of paper is now being made from cornstalks. A factory has been established at Tilton, Illinois, by the Cornstalks Products Company. During 1927, 10,000 tons of baled cornstalks were collected by this company for the production of paper at an average cost of $8 per ton. The farmer received $1.50 per ton as his share of the compensation, the company assuming all cost of collecting, baling and hauling the cornstalks. The yield of cornstalks per acre would be about two tons, so the amount received by the farmers for this waste product is an important item in reducing the cost of producing corn. The proposal to use cornstalks for the manufacture of paper opens up all kinds of possibilities regarding this most important crop. It furnishes the farmer with a new source of revenue, and may also completely revolutionize the methods of producing, harvesting and utilizing corn.

In the manufacture of paper from cornstalks a certain amount of valuable by-products are obtained. The pulp from the stalks is treated with water which is used over and over again. The resultant solution is very rich in pentosans which have value as adhesives and as stock feed, particularly when mixed with alfalfa meal. Wood sugar or xylose is another by-product which has value as a substitute for ordinary cane sugar

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in certain functional diseases. It also is used in the manufacture of artificial silk.

Most of our rubber of commerce is obtained from the Hevea trees grown under cultivation, but some is obtained from the guayule shrub which grows wild in Mexico. This rubber is of high quality, as indicated by the experiments of the Bureau of Standards which reports that "experiments indicate that properly prepared guayule rubber will compare favorably with plantation Hevea rubber." The amount of Hevea rubber being imported into the United States is constantly increasing, as indicated by the following data:

1924	3,038,000	pounds
1925	8,469,000	"
1926	9,643,000	"
1927	11,174,000	"

It comes entirely from Mexico, where a subsidiary of the International Rubber Company owns about 1,800,000 acres of land on which the wild shrub grows. This shrub does well under cultivation on richer lands, and 1,800 acres of land in California are now being devoted to its production. These indications point to the development of a new industry which will utilize a definite portion of our agricultural land for industrial purposes, thus reducing the surplus production of our common farm crops.

Farming is an industry which produces food for human consumption and raw material for manufacture. The developments of the past few years indicate a closer relationship between farming and industry. As industrial chemistry is applied to the utilization of the wastes of the farm, the farming business will become increasingly prosperous; just as prosperity was established in industry by the utilization and elimination of waste in that line.

Children Asleep

The night is still, the tides of sleep are flowing
Fluently, tenderly, over, beneath, above
Their delicate limbs and quenching their eyes' bright glowing;
Remote from my care they seem and my brooding love.

I pause beside each bed, bend o'er the little sleepers
With awed, quiescent heart and reverent will,
Raising a prayer that their great angelic keepers
Will watch and guard them, lying so meek and still.

Solemn night's stillness, solemn the starry wreathing
Wherewith the arching heavens are glistening fair;
Naught do I hear but the sound of their gentle breathing
And my gaze is lost in a tangle of innocent hair.

To what far strands or magic isles are you faring,
O little sleepers of mine, o'er what dim seas?
Not only this is the voyage we'll not be sharing,
And you will know more perilous waters than these. . . .

Softly I leave them, alone in the dark night sleeping,
Profound in their trust, lying so meek and mild,
Softly I leave them content, in the perfect keeping
Of a love more mighty than mine, I too a child.

JOHN BUNKER.

BEENOO THE FOOL

By MARY FLEMING LABAREE

THE fatuous open-mouthed grin showed what he was: God's fool. Yet never was there one in the likeness of men who had so devouring a passion "to be seen of men" as poor Beenoo. In city or village, it mattered not which, he thrust himself upon the company at large and as many of the folk individually as time and circumstance permitted. The silly smile, the restless eyes were ever in evidence.

Ai, ai! How long ago it all seems. For Beenoo is gone, those who sat with him at feast and fast are gone, and the pleasant places where they sat are plowed by war and watered by tears.

But who is able to forget the wedding feast when little Penna, daughter of Yuash of Nadirabad, became bride of Gewergis, son of Yonan of Shirwan? I can hear her jolly father-in-law call,

"Come Beenoo, come hither, man! What are the words of thy mouth this day?"

And Beenoo who was hovering near: "Two words alone taste sweet upon my lips, today, O Master of the Feast. They are the words, chicken and pilaf."

His belly was empty, and he was waiting with dwindling patience for the men to finish their feasting in the big upper room, that the women and children might gather in the cook room to deplete the innumerable bowls and platters, when he and God's poor were free to polish them.

Laughter sprang up to greet the words, and Beenoo was ready for his hour of banter, happy that the eyes of men were upon him, that merriment rang about him, that for the time being, he was part and parcel of the common fabric of life. The laughter was so pleasant a thing he almost forgot that his girdle was more closely drawn than its custom was and called for yet another drawing-in; that none equaled him in love of savory viands, or could tuck away so large a portion of them. Almost he forgot that he was not like other men.

However, those at feast in the bridegroom's upper room did not need that their hearts be warmed or lifted up. Were they not warm enough, were they not high enough already, in that they had acquired a bride who should bear sons to their house? It was the bride's folk who needed comforting. They had lost a daughter and gained naught. And he would say to the weeping mother:

"Nay, sister, grieve not. God made her for bearing children to praise Him. See also, how the little granddaughter, child of thy son, doth cling to thy knee."

And in the long fast, when folk were sighing in their hearts for goodly mutton stew while feeding upon beans, yet durst not speak a word, lest they offend God's holiness or the ears of tender children, he would wag his poor bemused head with, "'Tis plain God loves feasts more than fasts"; and "Beans are grown at the foot of the hill of God; mutton on the top."

Folk's joking and teasing were wine to the soul of Beenoo, not vinegar as to the souls of some; but to be passed unnoted was the brimstone with raw egg they stir into grape molasses and push down the throat of a colicky horse.

One afternoon two friendly ladies drove out on the street toward the city gate; and each was so intent on the words of the other they did not hear the "Peace upon you!" of Beenoo, neither did they see him waiting expectantly before the shop of Mahmud, the grocer. Ai, the hurt of it! He snatched up a split cobble. Doubtless there would have been a split head if the half-stone had not whirred between the busy right ear of Maryam Khanum and the busy left ear of Shushan Khanum.

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God plotted the arc of the missile so that the sole issue of the throwing was this: the old white stallion drawing the carriage, as he heard the *kep* of stone on stone beside him, tossed his silly head more wildly than his wont, and tried to make the driver think he was about to run away, when he knew and the driver knew he would not go faster than a prancing walk were all the steeds and warriors of Kurdistan thundering after him. We prentice boys knew the old stallion as we knew the fool.

I call to mind the very first time I saw Beenoo. It was the summer I became big enough to lead a water buffalo cow to the bathing pool and give her tail the necessary twist to make her lie down in the water. It was about the time he began his wanderings from betrothal to wedding, from wedding to funeral—after his brother had been placed for three days and three nights in the madmen's cave under the old church on the mountain and was brought home, not cured but tenfold more mad, to cry and moan himself to death, chained in a corner of his father's brother's vineyard hut.

For you must know that Beenoo came of a family and village where for the sake of keeping properties undivided they gave and took in marriage from their own kin and bounds, as far as they could compass it; so that while here and there, folk of that village seemed to possess a singular shrewdness, among them were to be found more fools and half-fools than in any other village of the plain.

This very first time I saw him, Beenoo was squatting under a dusty willow by the big irrigating stream between vineyards and village where my father was headman. He was gazing dejectedly from the sky to the ragged toes of his dirty cloth sandals and then back again to the sky. It seemed he thought God was a Master Shoemaker who might have a new pair of sandals all shaped and sewed and ready for him.

My companions threw bits of dried clay from the bank of the stream until they pattered about him, and I cried:

"Toss a coin to the sky, Beenoo! Or perchance the Master Shoemaker will drop a pair into empty hands?"

And he answered the scoffing of my puny words with a grave: "Yea, lad. He is Master of sky and earth and bread and shoes and all else."

Then he caught sight of the sheep's knucklebones in my fist, and sing-songed:

"Knucklebones are the best of friends;
Our fun begins when the sheep's fun ends."

He chuckled, shouted, wrangled, sighed and pitched with us, until the sun's journey came to an end. Whereat we scampered to our waiting homes and mothers, while he came after, slowly, slowly, to crave shelter for a night.

But it was a wedding, not sandals or knucklebones, not a corner of room, stable or roof, that counted. And it was worth waiting a whole year through for just one old-time wedding where for days the cloth was heaped with pilaf, meats, stuffed fruits and vegetables; where wine jars or samovars were ready to quench the most extravagant thirst. But happily, each twelvemonth, there were many families to take brides. There was the shrill and thrum of fife and drum that caught all feet in their meshes, drawing folk into the endless dance circle, or bade them stamp and clap while sword dance and water dance were enacted for their joyance.

Beenoo would call loudest and merriest of them all, when the musicians demanded coin for their hire. He twitted the miserly, stirred the sluggard, until the harvest was gathered, kept all in laughing good humor with his:

"O uncle, thy raisins brought a fortune this year. Thy red bag is stuffed with silver pieces. Let them sing!"

"Hail father, I weep for thee! There is a goodly bulge in thy girdle. It is sad thy hand is blind and cannot find it."

"Brother of my soul, the fife is hungry; the drum is thirsty. Is it not a sin to allow such cheerful creatures to die of hunger and thirst?"

Indeed it were but half a wedding without Beenoo. All knew this. Yet some did not know that the time of mourning needed him also. None could weep with those who wept, as he. For only they who have tasted sorrow can sorrow truly with other men. Beenoo in the strange loneliness of being different had not merely tasted, he had drunk deep and long.

Or was it that in dim fashion he understood how human easement of sorrow comes from the tears which mingle with ours? I know not; God knows. But this much was plain. He helped the Lord to heal the heart of many a grief-wounded mother and father, by the genuineness of his tears—different from half-tears, cold tears, onion-tears that choke the mourner with a terrible inward laughter, or cause him to grow faint with added anguish, tears honestly withheld being holier in God's sight.

It was plain to see where he had learned on sorrow. Where had he learned on joy? I know not, save God gave him vision of the day when all humanity shall be freed from the so great burden of this our mortality. . . .

The last times I saw Beenoo were in the days of that war called the Great War, when we of city and village, stung by fear of the enemy and the tribesmen, fled south through the burning heat of summer, fled with evil men along our way, men who robbed us of our silver and cattle, our bread and our daughters, while weariness, lead bullets, sun bullets and fever laid us low.

He limped with the rest, tongue swollen, lungs afire. But even so he would start a brave laugh by accosting a gaunt scarecrow, erstwhile fop of his village with,

"Al, handsomest of male creatures! How the girls must love you today!"

And when at nightfall we dropped, faint and footsore, to the sun-cracked earth, he would cry out,

"Fetch the fife and drum, lads, for my feet wish to dance!"

The very last time I saw him was beside a river. The old bridge, built to carry pilgrims to Kerbela and a nobleman's soul to paradise, had crumbled beneath a mass of fleeing folk. Wretched beasts and humankind fell in hillocks with their carts and gear. The narrow, treacherous ford was blocked by a press of fear-stricken creatures. Families were torn asunder. Babes were left while mothers bore elder children to the further shore; and the mothers were unable to win back.

With eyes of one in a dream he sat on that harsh brink which—in a few brief moments—was to lie at the mercy of the enemy. But he was not alone. To his knees clung three little ones. He was clapping his hands, village-wedding fashion; and his words were,

"Toombala, toombala,
The bride comes!"

Was it for a bride of death he clapped, that the little ones might have a first and last sip of wedding ecstasy? Or were all the red and gold veiled little village brides of the past stepping one by one before him?

Or was it that, perhaps, after the unreal years of wandering lighted only by marriage feasts of other men—he beheld coming forth to meet him, a bride of his very own?

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THE IBERIAN VIRGIN

By CATHERINE RADZIWILL

THE emotion which the Bolsheviks' destruction of the famous Iberian chapel in Moscow will produce among Orthodox Russians is akin to what Catholics would feel if the sacred Grotto of Lourdes or Saint Peter's in Rome were deliberately pulled down. The Iberian chapel was perhaps the holiest spot in Russia, and its entire existence was associated with that of the czars so intimately that perhaps only now will Russians realize that the empire has actually disappeared forever.

The Iberian chapel was built in 1648 to house an image of the Virgin and Child which had been brought to the patriarch of Moscow, Varsanofy, by an unknown pilgrim. By the latter's account, it was a faithful copy of one in the Iberian monastery on Mount Athos, and it had been given to him by Our Lady herself who wanted it to become the patron ikon of Russia. This pilgrim, whose identity remained a mystery, but who was supposed to have been one of the Apostles sent by the Mother of God to the patriarch, disappeared just as suddenly as he had come. The patriarch (who had the reputation of being a real saint, and was later canonized) always referred to his strange visitor as a messenger of the Almighty, dispatched to reveal to him "many things unknown to others." Among these things was a prophecy that so long as the Iberian Virgin remained in the chapel she wished to be built for her on a spot which the pilgrim designated, no real harm could happen to Russia; but that if she were ever removed to some other place, it would mean the end of the country and of its rulers.

The old Muscovites firmly believed in this prediction, and when Peter the Great built the city which he made the new capital of his empire, and desired to remove the Iberian Virgin to it, a deputation of all classes of the population of Moscow waited on him to declare that this would never be allowed. "We belong to thee, gracious czar," said the head of this deputation, "and thou canst kill or torture us at thy will, but the Iberian Virgin belongs to Moscow, and in Moscow it shall remain!"

The ruthless sovereign for once was awed, and the ancient city remained in possession of its most sacred shrine.

The Iberian chapel itself was a small gem, in its way. It stood at the gate of Moscow's famous Red Square, and was a marvel of Byzantine architecture. Hardly twenty people could stand together within its four walls, but it was never empty. Crowds of worshipers came to pray, if only for a few minutes, and no Russian would have visited Moscow without prostrating himself before the famous ikon, a glorious thing glistening with precious stones, to which new ones were added every day.

No emperor ever came to Moscow without stopping on his way to the Kremlin before the tiny chapel, and lighting a candle in honor of the patron of the city. The ikon was associated with Russia's most glorious and most terrible days. Ivan the Terrible had prostrated himself before it; the Polish invaders who conquered the city after his death, respected it. Napoleon reverently bared his head when he visited it. Alexander I prayed there before starting to repulse the victorious French armies. His successors bent their knee before it when they made their solemn entry into the venerable city previous to their coronation. It was the palladium of the town and of the country.

And now it has been destroyed. It has followed the Romanovs into history, and into the grave. One of the landmarks of the Russia of the czars has disappeared. Will Russia ever forgive the cruel tyrants under whose rule she has fallen this act of desecration and vandalism? And what has become of the ikon itself? Has it really been sent to another church, or has it been also destroyed, done away with as a "relic of outworn superstition"? One hopes that no sacrilegious hand has been found to deface the sacred image before which so many ardent supplications have been poured out, the image that has brought peace to so many broken hearts, blessed so many weary souls, given courage to so many downtrodden creatures, who have received from it strength and courage to go on with the struggle of existence.

The Iberian chapel destroyed! It seems hardly possible. One wonders whether the prophecy of the mysterious pilgrim who brought the holy image to the saintly patriarch Varsanofy is about to be fulfilled. Will Russia really disappear, destroyed by the ruthless rulers who think that by annihilating an object of universal reverence, they will achieve anything but their own ultimate ruin?

COMMUNICATIONS

THE MORALITY OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC

Bristol, Pa.

TO the Editor:—The writer of these lines had the opportunity of hearing the debate on prohibition between Messrs. Clarence Darrow and Clarence True Wilson in Washington recently. Mr. Wilson delivered himself of a typical anti-saloon attack in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Enforcement Act in the approved fashion of pre-prohibition days. The several important phases that have developed since its enactment he preferred to ignore entirely. For instance, the question as to the ethical validity of the home manufacture of intoxicants for home consumption he never so much as alluded to. This studied silence respecting a much-discussed situation at the present day, and in its stead the playing up to the popular disfavor of the old-time saloon showed the same shrewdness, if not downright deception, which was so adroitly employed in putting over complete prohibition in the first place. Again, the suggestion of federal control and distribution of liquor Mr. Wilson dismissed with the single reference as to the sheer vulgarity, utterly inconceivable, which would attach to Uncle Sam being arrayed in the habiliments of a bartender. The sole and whole burden of his argument consisted in a sweeping condemnation of the liquor traffic and its ultimate dispensary, the saloon, as irredeemably wicked. Such an attitude was of course to be expected from an official of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, whose sense for the fitness and fairness of things is sufficiently evidenced by the bold assumption of the comprehensive term "public" on the part of a private organization.

It is somewhat strange, therefore, that similar statements should be occasionally voiced by Catholic writers. For example, the usually staid and temperate True Voice, in an editorial of June 28 thus gave expression to its vigorous antipathy:

"We have no sympathy with bootleggers and other violators of the law. They are setting at defiance not only the prohibition law, but every other law of honesty and decency in their nefarious traffic."

Dr. James A. Ryan in an article entitled The Evolution of an Anti, appearing in The Commonweal of June 26, puts down his reasoned and seasoned opinion in this wise:

"Concerning the unwisdom of national prohibition and the

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menace to individual liberty which it involves, and concerning the immorality of including in such legislation the manufacture and possession of liquor for personal use, my opinions have never changed except in the direction of greater intensity."

These statements of disapproval are proposed evidently as axiomatic. It seems therefore not improper to inquire into this supposedly utter depravity of the liquor business.

The above-mentioned writers on the subject either tacitly or explicitly regard the home manufacture of intoxicants for home consumption as morally admissible. Why then should the traffic of this same commodity become utterly evil and nefarious? Traffic, or the art of merchandizing, is wholly indifferent in itself and has no necessary bearing on the object trafficked; the ethical or unethical quality thereof exists prior to its commercial use.

It is to be frankly admitted, however, that the saloon offers an occasion for intemperance to those so inclined by furnishing places of easy access to liquor and, through the spirit of conviviality therein engendered, an opportunity for overindulgence. But this is the worst that can be said of it, and all the other evils generally ascribed to it are to be wholly imputed to the lack of self-restraint on the part of intemperate patrons. However, the saloon's defenders are no doubt willing for the sake of their weaker brethren to forego their natural right to this form of business and the dispensation of liquor at the bar, as well as to repress their equally natural proclivity for congenial companionship at these places, and restrict the consumption of liquor to public eating places and the privacy of the homes, with their restraining influences. But this is to be considered a distinct concession not enforceable by law, voluntarily surrendered for the sake of common welfare. This is substantially the Canadian system, which alone provides a solution of the problem that is just to use and misuse alike.

Dr. Ryan continues: "Concerning those provisions which forbid the sale of liquor and its manufacture and transportation for sale, I still hold, as I did from 1920 until 1926, that they enjoyed during those years a presumption of social utility and ethical validity. Cumulative experience, however, has definitively destroyed the presumption that favored the 'noble experiment' during the early years of experimentation. The manifold evil consequences of national prohibition have shown, to all who have eyes to see, that it is not only not the best but probably the very worst method of dealing with the liquor problem. Therefore, I do not think that the national prohibition laws are any longer directly binding in conscience. The question of their indirect obligation, on account of the social disorder which their violation entails, is one that I am not now called upon to discuss."

Dr. Ryan's statement marks a distinct advance over his previous position, for he now absolves the liquor traffic, at present illegally carried on, from the stain of moral turpitude. According to his evolutionary process of reasoning, the damaging evidence against the cause of prohibition was at first not sufficiently apparent to warrant its condemnation; it therefore received what is termed the presumption of the law, that is the favor of the doubt. Without meaning to become meticulous, one may observe that the terms "social utility" and "ethical validity" can hardly be employed as coördinates in legal parlance, as the former is but one of the required qualifications which jointly effect the ethical validity of a law. This presumption, to continue his line of argument, has now yielded to the certainty of the prohibition law being morally invalid on account of its "manifold evil consequences."

Dr. Ryan does not become specific as to these; but undoubtedly he has in mind the many acts of lawlessness accompanying its enforcement. In this case, however, his conclusion, though eminently correct, is not fully warranted by the premises. The enforcement of a law is merely a completive element of jurisdiction and not an essential requirement of legislation: for it is conceivable that abnormal circumstances may suspend or even abrogate a just law, and on the other hand that an unjust law be enforced by tyrannical authority. In fact the concept embodied in the term "enforcement" is rapidly undergoing much the same disintegration as the term "temperance." Enforcement is coming to denote complete suppression, as in the case of intoxicating liquor. This, however, is not required by the true concept of law and, it is safe to say, will never be accomplished as long as man is man, this side of Utopia. Dr. Ryan's course of reasoning is founded on too ample a supposition: neither the successful nor the unsuccessful enforcement as such of a law permits a conclusion back to its moral essence; to do so in regard to prohibition is to put up an a posteriori argument devoid of strictly logical cogency.

However, Dr. Ryan admits the lack of ethical validity of prohibition rather tardily; he immediately proceeds to hedge in his statement with a reservation. He draws a line of distinction between the "manifold evil consequences" of the prohibition laws which effect that they are not "any longer binding in conscience," and the "social disorder which their violation entails." It is disappointing that Dr. Ryan did not feel it incumbent upon himself to amplify this important statement, particularly as he broadly intimates that the prohibition law obliges in conscience as far as it relates to the traffic in liquor on account of the indirect consequences. As the prohibition law is no more self-executing than any other, the evils engendered by it are the immediate results of its enforcement. The trained moralist may possibly find a theoretical difference, but to the legal realist it is a distinction without a difference, and for all practical purposes negligible.

Should this difference, however, be insisted upon, close observation of the case will reveal that a direct contradiction is therein involved. According to Dr. Ryan's own theory the prohibition law, inclusive of its application to the traffic in liquor, has no direct ethical validity. If that is so, then it would seem illogical to recognize a state of social disorder entailed by the violation of a law that is no law. Agere sequitur esse: the action follows the essence.

It is to be noted with deep satisfaction that so eminent an authority as Dr. Ryan has now come out in open condemnation of the prohibition law in all its aspects. As the evaluation of this piece of legislation by the best thought crystallizes in that direction with "greater intensity," there arises the hope that through a course of patient education this inferiority complex will eventually be removed from an independent nation.

A. WAGNER.

WHEN CATHOLICS TALK

Los Angeles, Calif.

TO the Editor:—It may be brash assumption on my part, but I am going to brave the storm and suggest to the Catholic spokesmen and leaders who live in so-called Catholic centres to remember that when they address themselves to Catholics others may listen to their words and have opinions about them. Really the Inquisition, the Gunpowder Plot, etc., are not as hard to explain to one's fine non-Catholic friends and associates as the weird utterances of twentieth-century moderns. One may explain the aim of the Church to the best

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of his ability—how it must by its charter be fair, open and non-political; how it indulges in no political threats, nor seeks political repression; how it is concerned with the soul of the individual, and has no use for mobs or for mob action, mob appeal or mob rule, etc., etc. But all this is meaningless in the face of deeds and utterances of real representatives, or persons accepted as such. Now I think that the most excruciating and blood-curdling instances of this point are the following items, all occurring within the past year:

1. The snappy Catholic official of a great eastern city who stated that he would like to see more Rome-rule in this country! (said speech has always seemed to me to be the cleverest bit of political sabotage ever concocted).

2. A peace-loving Catholic man who writes to The Commonweal casually telling the handful of us to dominate martially and physically the one hundred millions of the others (he must think we are all Dempseys, Tunneys, Sonnenbergs and Schmellings).

3. The police officer of Boston who bans Scribner's from public sale, the only result of his futile and absurd gesture of repression being to convince the outside world that his religion made him do it, and that Catholics would run wild along similar nonsensical lines if they were ever given an opportunity.

4. The Catholic authorities of England who with a loud fanfare submit a list of questions to all candidates for Parliament, knowing full well (surely they were not unaware of the effect of their action?) that the whole world would interpret it as a political threat.

Now I think Mr. Babbitt might help us here. He would tell us that it is all reducible to salesmanship. The Catholic Church needs no apologists or buglers; it does need salesmen. It has a good line, the best in the world! But no line sells itself. Nor will any salesman sell a line unless he gains the attention, awakens the interest and wins the confidence of the prospect. Now our prospect is an unwilling codger to begin with, and owing to a bigoted debauch of generations, has a terrible set of raw jumpy nerves. Let all our salesmen remember this. And no commissions are ever paid in business to the men who assault the prospect, or knock his teeth out. Commissions are only paid to the salesman who closes the deal. Too often it seems to me that we pay commissions to the goof whose approach is poor, whose sales talk is all wrong, and whose order-book is never opened.

W. A. Bixel.

GUNS, TREATIES, TAXES

Allston, Mass.

To the Editor:—Onlookers seeking to understand the major league game of international politics should bear in mind that an alliance is a combination not only pro, but contra—for friends and against enemies. It makes no observable difference in its operation and effect, whether it be called Dreibund, Entente, Amity or Conjunction, the last name being found in The Commonweal of August 7, under Guns, Treaties, Taxes.

When England and America combine to "dispel wariness," they contemplate forcing the hands of certain definite parties to a forthcoming conference.

Taken in connection with The Commonweal's suggestion of July 10, in Week by Week, that the first conference be "tripartite, leaving the special problems of France and Italy for a later meeting," the machinery of the new diplomacy would seem to be perfected. First England and America conjoin; next they "trip" with Japan, leaving France and Italy to fall—perhaps.

Does the plan seem complimentary to the quick-witted Latin mind? Does The Commonweal, regardless of objectives, really approve of "conferences" when the results are already "in the bag"?

According to the newspapers, Mr. G. B. Shaw, in his latest play, The Apple Cart, predicts an actual union of England and America by 1965, with America in control. So we get a new version of an old limerick:

> "Leo and Columbia go for a ride,
> He pets her and calls her his Sadie.
> They return from the ride
> With the lion inside
> And a smile on the face of the lady."

Can it be possible that Mr. Shaw has dollar diplomacy in his mind, and is taking a sly dig at Wall Street?

Christopher I. Fitzgerald.

ANNIVERSARIES AND STEAMSHIPS

Covington, Ky.

To the Editor:—In your issue of August 7 under the caption Anniversaries and Steamships, one of your editors remarks: "1930 has proved to be a bad year, anniversarily speaking." I do not know what calendars, encyclopedias and histories the writer consulted, but any Lives of the Saints or School Church History could have told him that in 430 there died at Hippo in Africa Aurelius Augustinus—Saint Augustine, the "Doctor of Grace," one of the most lovable men and one of the keenest minds that this world has been privileged to behold. Hippo has disappeared from the map of Africa, "but its great teacher," as Newman says, "though dead, yet speaks; his voice is gone out into all lands, and his words into the ends of the world. He needs no dwelling place whose home is the Catholic Church." If I am not mistaken, the International Eucharistic Congress will meet in North Africa to commemorate the fifteenth centenary of the death of Saint Augustine. I am sure The Commonweal will pay a fitting tribute to the greatest Father and Doctor of the Church.

J. J. Laux.

WHAT SHALL THE FAITHFUL SING?

Washington, D. C.

To the Editor:—What dear old hymns the Helen Hughes Hielschers heard when they were little girls in churches without organs, and where the choirmasters beat time with their feet, are in one respect like the delicate aesthetic digestions of the Theodore Maynards: they are beside the point. The inescapable fact is that these dear old hymns are out of place at Mass: however much they may appeal to the majority to which Mrs. Hielscher is proud to belong, they are unliturgical. While it is too much to expect good taste from the majority which is so addicted to the dear old hymns, is it too much to say that as Catholics they ought to show some respect to the pronouncements of several Popes, and sing the liturgy to the music that has been approved by the Holy See? What they will be allowed to do in heaven is another question; but it is not unreasonable to hope that the blessed will experience considerable improvement in their voices and their musical taste upon arriving there. And an obedient spirit will have some bearing upon their salvation.

Theodore Maynard.

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POEMS

Gifts for a Girl

I go to gather gifts for a girl,
I can take them in the basket of my heart.
From the market of the brook here
She must have a pair of earrings;
Bubbles will feel at home against her cool neck.
She needs no shoes, she needs no hat.
But she can use this cosmos for a handkerchief,
And the wind patterned with scent will be her fan.
Other gifts too are in my basket,
So I must hasten to her now.
For the ache in my throat is growing heavy.
O but one thing more—
She must have the fragrance of the pines
To walk upon.

LEON SRABIAN HERALD.

Willow Whistle

Only a boy
Can set free
The music in
A willow tree.

Can find the cricket
And the lark
Hidden in
A willow's bark.

Can fife and flute,
Can lilt and croon
The notes that make
A willow tune.

Can blow an air
Winged as a thistle
From a little
Willow whistle.

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER.

Ave Roma

I wonder if, when I have left her, Rome,
Despite my graceless wish which she must know,
To break the mirage of her charm and throw
My heart to autumn's dying hour at home,
She who has lifted high Saint Peter's dome
Against the moon-slit dreaming dusk aglow,
And mid her tumbled temples led me slow
To whiten my pilgrim steps in history's loam;

I wonder will she call me back again?
For I shall drop no coin, by midnight spell,
In silvered pool of Trevi—hope were vain
To thus return. But I who long to dwell
In faith, in truth rock-based eternally,
Have wed my soul to her infinity.

MARIE-ZOË E. MERCIER.

Chaucer's Garden

Here the leal songster spun his magic dream;
He heard the linnet singing on the rose;
He saw the wings of throstles dip and gleam;
Breathed poesy with every flower that blows,
Here in his tended, fragrant, hedged-in close.
(Gone is that pleasance now from human eye,
But pulsing still is the warm minstrelsy.)

He tuned his pipe "unto the sweet bird's throat";
Bemused in thought in the lush summertide,
He orchestrated the wild woodland note:
He pageanted the English countryside,
With pilgrims who to Canterbury ride.
(Brave spirits who've been dust this many a day,
Yet live forever in sweet Chaucer's lay.)

In an Arcadian field, with laurel crowned,
He is the shepherd with a golden crook,
Who from a scrip his verses passes round;
The olden songs writ in this golden book,
Wherein all poets enviously look.
(Lover of beauty and the king's own squire,
Father of the soul-swelling English choir.)

ALEX R. SCHMIDT.

The Faery Woodcutter

The faery woodcutter's eyes are green,
Grey-green and flecked with gold,
Slant and slitted and jewel-cold.

The faery woodcutter's tools are keen;
His aim is sure; his hands are lean
And gnarled with clinging to lichened limb.
His checkered coat shrouds all of him.

The faery woodcutter cranes, asway
On an ancient bole most cunningly,
With his nimble hammer, his scarlet hood,
With his Druid chant in this empty wood,
And his magic minstrelsy.

AUDREY WURDEMANN.

Dreaming

Dear hills of mine, in vain will be your calling;
A wild wide sea must ever lie between,
And leave me here to dream of soft rain falling
And glinting on your shawl of fragrant green.

Though you will rise within my heart forever,
As beautiful and dear as long ago,
And call to me, O hills of mine! I never
Can see again those places that I know.

For she whose faithful heart is in my keeping,
Fears wind and wave and every distant shore;
So here I dream while rain-wet winds are sweeping
Across the hills that I can climb no more.

JOHN P. BARTON.

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BOOKS

Calvert Land

The History of Maryland, by Matthew Page Andrews. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $7.25.

MR. ANDREWS has given us here the book foreshadowed by his Tercentenary History of Maryland published some years ago. Beginning with the first Lord Baltimore's life and his colonization schemes, Newfoundland and, after its failure, Maryland, and ending with the last presidential election, it is comprehensive and up to date.

Yet one might wish that it had been more comprehensive still, and included more of the background of English and continental history which gave the settlement of Maryland unique features among the other colonies. It was the Penal Laws of England, primarily, and not the hope of gain which were responsible for the colonization of Maryland. Had George Calvert not become a Catholic, it is doubtful if he would have established any colony in America; it is almost certain that he would not have established one where religious toleration was to prevail and where his co-religionists could be free of the penalties and proscriptions of the English laws in regard to their faith.

In the same way, upheavals in England affected the course of things in Maryland, the ascendency of the Puritans, the Restoration, the accession of William, all left their mark in Maryland history. But they all point to the same fact: that while the Catholic proprietary was in possession of his rights, religious toleration existed for all; that when he was dispossessed it vanished. First the Puritans and afterward the Anglicans, when Maryland had become a royal province, deprived Catholics of the freedom to worship in their own way and even of their civil rights, despite the fact that religious toleration had been the door by which they had all entered Maryland and been given a voice in its affairs.

In the matter of the treatment of the Indians by the Marylanders some credit must go to the Church to which the Calverts belonged if the history of Maryland is to be fairly written. The Indians' peacefulness cannot be attributed entirely to their tribal affinities nor to Maryland's climate. The new interest in the Spanish missions of our own Southwest and the publication of the Relations of the Jesuits who accompanied the French to Quebec are unearthing a story full of moment for Americans—that the Catholic settler regarded the Indian not as a foe to be pushed back into the wilderness but a soul to be saved and a child to be educated. The mission school was an inevitable accompaniment of the Catholic settlement, whether French or Spanish.

This idea of converting and of educating the Indian was foremost in the minds of the Jesuits who accompanied the Maryland colonists, and to this Christian spirit, I might say Catholic spirit, ought, rightly, to be attributed the peace which prevailed between the Maryland settlers and the natives. Maryland had few Indian outrages compared to the other colonies. Her worst, which occurred during the French and Indian Wars, were brought upon her, one might say, by the treachery of John Penn, the son of William, toward the Indians. When he deceived them as to the extent of land he was acquiring from them for the Pennsylvania's frontier, they allied themselves with the French. It is significant of Maryland that even during this time, when the Assembly was voting money to aid Washington's campaign, it stipulated that some of the money was for the support of the wives and families of their Indian allies. Long before this, in 1650, Cecil Calvert when he learned that the Indians were being pushed back into the wilderness, by white settlements, felt himself obliged in conscience to set aside for the Indians some eight or ten thousand acres of land on the Wicomico. Such treatment of natives was unique among the colonies.

Again, in his statement of the difficulties between Lord Baltimore and the Jesuits, Mr. Andrews starts off by saying, as do several Maryland historians, that Father Copley, the superior of the Jesuits, was born in Spain, without adding that he was of an old and aristocratic family, heir to a title and born in Spain because the laws of England against Catholics had driven his parents out of their native country. Father Copley contended with Lord Baltimore not as a Spaniard but as an Englishman, for the rights of the Church as they had been granted to her in England before the Reformation. Nor is the credit for an amicable settlement due entirely to Lord Baltimore. The Jesuits met him half way, as a perusal of the records will show. Mr. Andrews also says that the fact that no clergyman sits in the Maryland legislature is due to Lord Baltimore's far-sightedness in separating church and state. Again, a perusal of the records reveals that the first clergymen who declined to sit in the Maryland assembly when they were entitled to sit because they were freemen were Jesuits. They remained at home because they thought it "more seemly," thus establishing the precedent. Lord Baltimore, at the time, was thousands of miles away in England.

Except for such things as these, which disturb the Catholic reader who knows his Maryland history, the book is interesting, pleasantly written and a mine of latter-day information about Maryland. It presents some facts too often slurred in histories of the United States, as for instance the proposal of the Maryland Convention of 1776 that the western land, the disposition of which had been the obstacle to confederation, should be parceled out by Congress into independent states. One could wish that the boundary dispute with Penn had been given with more detail and that the growth of Baltimore Town had had a larger share of notice.

However, Maryland's share in the Civil War, the temperateness of its people, the real facts in the episode of the firing upon the Massachusetts regiment on April 19, 1861, Maryland's recovery from the effects of the Civil War, her political history since, are told in an interesting and detailed way which fully atone for passing over some other things with less detail.

GRACE H. SHERWOOD.

Mr. Finley's Frolic

Thalia, or A Country Day. A Masque, by John Finley, jr. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

NO ONE could mistake John Finley, jr., for a poet of any other time than the present. His subjects and his approach to them are essentially modern, yet his idiom and syntax are as fixed in the seventeenth century as though there had been no poets since John Fletcher, or—with proper hesitation—John Milton. And his imagery, likewise. It is the "daisy, woo'd of snow," and the "bright-eyed wintergreen," that decorate his landscape, while the quaint conceit, laboriously sought and swiftly phrased—"Fears, swim off night's weedy flood," exhibits the temper of his wit. If we recognize the liveliness in these antiquities it is because Mr. Finley uses them with a delight and an enthusiasm tempered by a deep poetic guile. Here and there, unfortunately, he advertises his roguishness; becomes openly the playboy.

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"Yonder's a house where siren breakfast
From the roof-pot woos with yearning"—

that, we submit, is hammering the point rather heavily.

But for the most part the adaptation of an old language to a new manner is attended with success. At first it seems a trick, and as a trick we would label it if it were not for the fact that the result is poetry and not rhetoric. And the test of this is that its charm is not entirely artificial.

Thalia is a fable of the infinite variety and generosity of nature. The stupid woodchuck, light-headed but amiable rabbit, cynical fox and sage porcupine, cogitating upon themselves in relation to the universe, find each other ridiculous. For their instruction, presumably, is offered the play in which two rustics, each convinced of the reasonableness of his own fears and the absurdity of his friend's, attempt to hoax one another. The animals, no doubt in the fashion of reviewers, find the play remarkable chiefly because the men eat watercress—"Oh, wondrous, oh, too wild," says Fox, "to hear what men name good" —and allow their repose to be troubled by imaginary dangers. Porcupine is first to recognize that

"God makes us all to live varied in sense
And each as he can doth con his little sky."

Mr. Finley's blank verse is flexible enough to permit a variety of effect. The songs with which the masque is interspersed, however, are its shining merit.

"The night hawks, when the light beloved so well
Is so soon quenched upon the western sky,
Among the stars over the pasture fly
And weave and sink again to where they dwell.
And only they their cares at evening tell,
Save as from the dark vale the frogs reply
And, in the field beneath the starlight high,
The wakeful cow doth fret her nightly bell."

There are others as good. To read them is an experience not quickly forgotten. Mr. Finley is a scholar and a poet. We challenge any assertion that there could be a more delightful combination.

VINCENT ENGELS.

Literature and the Machine

American Estimates, by Henry Seidel Canby. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

HERE, while we can still enjoy good prose for its own sake, is a book to rejoice in. This is good prose not only because it transcends the level of journalistic writing; it is good prose in an absolute sense, the utterance of one to whom words are docile; often subtle in its rhythms, with the glint of the indefinable touch of style playing over it.

The author is chiefly concerned with finding out whether from the present difficulties which, in his view, beset literature, good things and sound things can emerge. In my own view, he makes too much of this inquiry. He is himself the victim of that tendency which militates against popularity for his own writings. He seems to have rather lost the happy faculty of enjoying the well-achieved work of literature for its own sake. He is obsessed by trends and tendencies, worried about the effects of the machine and democracy and successive waves of popular psychological fashions. He is prone to judge a work according to the degree in which it seems to express our times; whereas some of us still think that the degree of imaginative sweep and the quality of the writing are of prime importance, whether an author knows what century he is living in or imagines himself in some age long past. But this is written not in criticism, but in definition.

For one can go very far with Mr. Canby in his unequivocal declaration that "there is only one theme with blood and life in it for literature in our century . . . it is the effect of machinery on man. . . . We are in its shadow. . . . The solution is over the horizon, but the theme is there." Far too many of our abler critical and creative minds have shirked the problem of how to maintain man's spiritual mastery over the machine which, completely altering our relation to the tangible universe, thrusts a shadow between the soul and the spiritual realities. To note that Mr. Canby throws no particular light upon phases of that problem which must concern those for whom the Church supplies an eternal background for the passing phenomena of time, is merely to say that he has wisely kept silent where he has no positive thought to offer. But in his presentation of the problem of the machine, and in his picture of the problem of democracy, he is incisive, graphic, marvelously illuminating. Whole pages could be quoted of as sound and revealing thought as are to be found in any book of these times.

As he accepts the machine, so does Mr. Canby accept democracy. In an essay on Mr. Mencken's function as a critic, he concludes: "The lumbering march of democracy goes on, the mob and masters of the mob, toward what end who knows? But with each year a little more comfort, a little more power, a little more opportunity to be a fool, or a knave, or a civilized individual, comes to the average, commonplace man. Round its columns the light-armed troopers ride, picking off a stupid one now and then . . . but with or without them we go on where our humanity, not their reason, calls us." Mr. Canby, in short, having noted with uncommon clarity and with the distress natural to a cultured man, the way life is evolving in the hands of demos and under the urges and temptations of the machine, wisely realizes that only the faint soul denies his age, only pathetic folly would try to halt the wheels. We must all go along with the procession, willy-nilly, and it is the function of the cultured man to spread his culture, the duty of the civilized to soften the crudities, the opportunity of the critic to guide the direction of the great blundering mass.

This sage and meaty book is a part of the body of reading indispensable to anyone concerned with the living problems of life. Not to read it is to miss something of alert awareness of the threats against us and the grounds for hope and faith.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

The Simple Pope

Pius X, by René Bazin. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $2.25.

THIS is a translation by the Benedictines of Talacre of the second French edition with a preface by Bishop Vaughan of Menevia. The book falls naturally into two almost equal parts. The second is to a large extent a summary of the pontifical acts which have made the reign of Pius X one of the greatest in the history of the Church. In the first part, of 136 pages, a portrait is skilfully delineated which will be recognized as faithful.

It took only one glance to know that Pius X was a saint. From his sadly sweet eyes darted that penetrating look of spiritual power and sense of authority which fascinated all who saw him. Bazin tells in the simplest words the secret

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of his life if it can be called a secret. It was the fruit of true humility and obedience to grace. It is axiomatic to say that a Pope is a gift of Providence, but Providence does not always give the Church a saint as Pope. When this happens, history is made. The glory of the faithful will be an offense to the spirit of the world. We expect such a Pope to be misunderstood.

The maudlin books that were written in support of growing modernism at the beginning of the Pontificate suggested that the new Pope was a pious peasant, the victim of curial intrigue: a prisoner, as to his person, by the decree of his two great predecessors, and a virtual slave, as to his mind, of stronger wills than his own. When this fable was disproved by the thundering words of truth that came unmistakably from the mouth of Peter himself, those who persisted in their intransigence would have us know that he was an obstinate autocrat, an obscurantist living in a past age, a product of seminary piety and village orthodoxy, one who was unaware that the world had forgotten the Schoolmen and laughed at their quids and quoddities.

Bazin shows how both estimates are absurdly false. Pius, the son of a poor man, a student who needed a burse in order to enter a seminary, rose through his own ability and without favor or chance, to the supreme authority, and, on his way to the Chair of Peter, successfully filled nearly every office that a priest can hold. An energetic curate to an infirm pastor for many years, an eloquent and sought-after preacher, the rector of an important parish gained by a competitive examination, a cathedral dignity, a seminary professor, an authority on Church music, a philosopher who understood the modern false doctrines better than those who defended them, the bishop of a difficult see; all these lesser positions he filled with honor before the ancient city of Venice welcomed him as patriarch. At the time of the conclave that elected him he was no obscure candidate, but from the first scrutiny he was a possible if not a probable selection. Bazin tells us that it was the express wish of Leo XIII that this should be so.

Once elected, he quickly demonstrated his knowledge of human affairs. Those who suggested that he would be a weak Pope were soon to see him hurling his defiance, regardless of consequences, at the anti-Christians of France who had become accustomed to think that their whims should be pampered. Those who called him a reactionary must explain his revolutionary reforms, especially in regard to the Holy Communion. Those who thought him to be behind the times will find it difficult to understand how he could prophesy almost to a day, the beginning of the great world war, and how, when men were boasting of their intelligence, he should announce the present lawlessness of thought and action. His life can be explained only by admitting the supernatural. All this is charmingly related by the great French novelist.

EDWARD HAWKS.

More about Marriage

Marriage and the State, by M. E. Richmond and F. S. Hall; Marriage Laws and Decisions in the United States, by G. May. New York: The Russell Sage Foundation.

THESE two books, it is claimed, are to be considered as supplementary to each other. The first is said to be based upon field studies made in some thirty states of the union to ascertain the present administration of marriage laws within the United States. The author of the second book draws attention to the division of law into statutory and common law, claiming that while common law "is unwritten in the sense that any social system is unwritten, the evidences, the interpretations of it alone are unwritten." Such interpretations are expressed in "decisions of courts on particular cases coming before them."

While there is a tendency to accept the decisions of various courts as interpretations of law as laid down by statute, it is perhaps nearer to the facts to say that, in a wider sense, these decisions which are couched in the language of precision prevalent at a particular moment, do but enforce an interpretation of the sanctions and sentiments of common law.

The word marriage has two general shades of meaning. It is used to indicate the civil contract entered into between two persons of the opposite sex; again, it is used to imply the relationship existing between a husband and wife, often spoken of as the legal status which arises from the contract between them.

From the forty-eight states, the District of Columbia and the federal law, the author gives in a short, precise form the essential facts of the law of marriage and the regulations necessary in each area for its contraction.

The first volume is perhaps the better of the two, as there is some attempt to classify information under heads, and to explain and interpret the classified facts. This is no doubt due to the many years which Miss Richmond spent as a social worker in Baltimore and Philadelphia, followed by her twenty years' association with the Russell Sage Foundation. Both books seek for standardization of the law for marriage and its dissolution. Both authors fail to remember that nothing is so difficult as to affirm a universal rule for matters political and moral. The lines of morality, as well as those of politics, cannot be compared with the ideal lines of mathematics. Moral and political laws are in their application broad, deep and long. They constantly admit of exceptions; too often modifications are sought, and these modifications are sought and granted, not by the rules of mathematical logic, but by the rules of prudence, because prudence ranks high among the virtues—because prudence in directing becomes the standard of them all. The compiler has too many friends among the publishers, who possibly soon will seek for the interpreter of facts and tendencies as a safer guide for humanity and its more troublesome problems.

BOYD-CARPENTER.

Happy at Sixty-Seven

Youthful Old Age, by Walter M. Gallichan. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THE author of Youthful Old Age, subtitled How to Keep Young, an Englishman who boasts that he is happier at sixty-seven than he was at thirty, is no mere cautioner against the negligence and ignorance that lead to ill health. He has a literary bent of mind, revealed at the outset in quotations from Montaigne and La Rochefoucauld and supported by as diverse an array as Whitman, Thoreau and Dr. Johnson. The easy, rapid and non-technical style combined with the numerous literary allusions and quotations, lend Youthful Old Age a charm rare in such a book. One of the chapters, Play and Hobbies, is engaging enough in treatment to merit a place in an anthology of modern-day essays. It is no mere man of science but a mellow lover of life who writes: "I remember a magnificent sunset among the mountains of North Wales, which almost brought tears of rapture to my eyes. . . . I would sooner look upon mountain peaks, wreathed in mist, than at the noblest cathedral in Europe. And the songs of the thrush and the

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nightingale at dawn delight me more than the notes of the finest human singer."

Other excellent though necessarily less colorful chapters are those on The Aging Mind, Rest and Sleep, The Pace that Kills, and The Late Evening of Life, in all of which the serene, well-tempered mind of Mr. Gallichan is revealed.

In certain chapters matters of sex are taken up and some discreet words of admonition are spoken. It is when Mr. Gallichan discusses the matter of birth control that Catholics will find themselves in opposition.

JOSEPH J. REILLY.

Stark Narratives

Hunky, by Thames Williamson. New York: Conrad-McCann, Incorporated. $2.50.

The Fiddler, by Sarah Gertrude Millin. New York: Horace Liveright, Incorporated. $2.50.

FUNDAMENTALLY both these stories are so simple that they exclude the possibility of any important originality either in development or dénouement. They move with little suspense to ends which are swift, consistent and certain. But there the similarity ceases. Mr. Williamson has cemented his novel with integrating care even if with the barest economy of materials; Miss Millin has piled brick on brick but has left out the mortar.

Hunky is a fine and true book. The creation of Jencic, a giant laborer who is as lumbering in mind as in body, has involved Mr. Williamson in the obvious difficulties of unfolding through his own gifted and lively intellect the sparse and childlike cerebrations of an immature soul. For Jencic finds thinking a tedious process. He is a creature of grooves. He has unconsciously determined his days so that he can exist with the irreducible minimum of volition. Where he works, where he eats, where he sleeps, takes on a tremendous importance because of their place in his simple scheme of things. Discharged from the bakery that employed him as a handy man, he comprehends the disorder that must follow but cannot accept the reality of being cut off from the job which is so vitally a part of himself. His bewilderment, his refusal to accept this tragedy that has happened to him, his slow mounting anger at the disruptive agencies, are logically built up from what he is.

Jencic regains his job, but the chaos which he experienced during the interval of idleness has produced several ideas, which, because ideas were rare with him, are precious and necessary. So he drives on in his twin purposes: of holding the helpful and adored friend, Krusack, and of winning Teena, the mocking, beautiful girl who had used him only to arouse the jealousy of her real lover. There is something primordial in his tenaciousness of idea—something like an elephant's march through a jungle completely disregarding all obstacles. This undeviating resolution, this complete dependence on instinct, find perfect expression in the impressively simple treatment by which his story is developed. Mr. Williamson's prose, quiet, sure, incisive, is also an exceedingly well chosen and well matched medium.

Mrs. Millin's fiddler and the Anglo-African wife with whom he elopes are, in marked contrast to Jencic, very complex characters. She narrates their first flirtation, their flight and their ultimate tragedy, with a crispness which crowds out most of the emotion and leaves the reader with the sorry necessity of acquiring knowledge of their characters through the medium of imperfect suggestion. Where Mrs. Millin's style matches

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RED SILENCE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

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Next Week

Readers who have enjoyed Charles Willis Thompson's analysis of the "Willebrandt Revelations" in this issue will be glad to know that a second instalment is scheduled to appear next week. It is sufficient to remark that these papers are interesting and that they have been written by a man with wide experience. . . . We are glad to say that Gorham B. Munson, a critic well known in general magazine circles, will be introduced to Commonweal readers through an essay on a new English poet. CONCERNING RUTH PITTER deals with a writer upon whom Mr. Belloc has showered a veritable greenhouse of compliments. . . . EQUALITY AND AUTHORITY, by the Reverend Selden P. Delaney, is a pertinent comment upon a question which bothers not a few Americans. It will be of particular interest because the writer is not a member of the Catholic Church. . . . We believe that Americana are as wholesome and fascinating as ever. Accordingly our editorial pleasure, in being able to announce OLD ST. THOMAS'S MANOR, by Ethel Roby Hayden, is great. The story begins with a young Indian watching a boat round a bend in the Potomac, nearly three hundred years ago. . . . Mr. Howard Meriwether Lovett has been busy studying the life-story of FATHER RYAN OF THE SOUTH, and his essay contains a number of new and a number of forgotten facts. . . . Out of his wide experience as a navy chaplain, the Reverend William A. Maguire has written THE CAPTAIN'S MEDAL, a bit of unusual reminiscence. . . . The issue will also contain several distinguished reviews.

her theme, notably in the sequence during which Matthew shoots and kills the haggling chauffeur who would abandon him and Jennie on the veldt, there are flashes of excellent interpretation. But these occasions are unfortunately too rare. Jennie and Matthew remain as puppets who are jerked through situations which the author sedulously refuses to make dramatic. In consequence what they were, why they were and where they were dissolves in a vagueness which is the direct result of Mrs. Millin's overweening pains to be cryptic and bleak in narrative form. Even her minor characters are people who react to decidedly unusual situations and crises with an undisturbed acceptance which is not understandable merely because she has not paused to explain the causes of their emotionless departure from the common and recognizable norms of human behavior.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

Orienting the Student

Modern Scientific Knowledge of Nature, Man, and Society, by Frederick A. Cleveland, with collaborators. New York: The Ronald Press. $4.50.

THE editor tells us in his foreword that "the central, uniting theme is man's outlook on life—the universe as seen from different angles by men of science." Would it be captious to suggest that there is a very large assumption in identify these two—man's outlook on life, and the universe as viewed by men of science? Is it more than a partial outlook on life that is had when science views the universe? Or does science even pretend to show man what he must hope to get from life, if life is to be really worth living for him?

But not to press this point, the title itself sufficiently indicates the aim of the book, to set before the freshman student or the general reader the results of modern scientific investigation. To accomplish this aim a number of university professors have contributed chapters on their specialties. A feature of the book which is unusual and should prove useful is the questionnaire with reading references given at the end of each chapter. In this device a very full program of work is mapped out for the student.

The need for books of this type has grown out of the situation with which the freshman at college is faced. He is more or less clearly conscious of the purpose of getting an education, but how is he to find his way to that goal through the maze of the four-year program that is spread out before him? Orientation courses is the answer to his quandary that is at present being attempted. Hence the need of books that will help in supplying matter for such courses by extending the field of knowledge before the student and showing him something of the relations of this field to education and to life. But hence, too, it should be added, the need of not letting the student think that science is the whole field of knowledge.

Two things may be happening to the student in his orientation course. First, the field of knowledge is being opened up to him and his mind is presumably being broadened thereby. And this we may hope is all to the good. But in the second place he is being indoctrinated, and just how good this may be, if it can be said to be good at all, depends, of course, on the color that is being given to his thought. Without wishing to rate this book in any summary fashion, it does not seem unfair to state that the coloring given to the student who gets his orientation through it will be in the way of mechanistic-behavioristic thinking.

JOHN F. MCCORMICK.

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Briefer Mention

A King of Shadows, by Margaret Yeo. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

MISS YEO has chosen the career of James, son of the exiled James II and Mary of Modena, as the outline of this somewhat loosely organized but always entertaining historical romance. Within the limits laid down by the youthful vicissitudes of the colorful figure who came in later life to be known as the Old Pretender, she has sketched enough action, intrigue, mystery and danger to furnish forth at least two novels of the present size. The leading romantic figures are Piero, prince of Este, and Margaret Ogilvie of Scotland, who are united by a common descent from Lucrezia Borgia, as well as by their equally passionate espousal of the Pretender's cause. This double bond, of a distant, darkly glamorous kinship and a present shared loyalty and danger, proves too much for the young people, and they spend the period of the narrative—now in Scotland, now in France, again beyond the Alps in Italy, as the Pretender's fortunes determine—in falling violently in love with each other. This does not mean that they are otherwise idle. Indeed, they participate in so many fights, imprisonments, rescues and secret missions that one can but reflect that their love must be a hardy plant to thrive—as it does—with practically no attention or care. The book is full of attractive incidental sketches. Not heavy history, it is good light reading.

Family Group, by Diana Patrick. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

MONEY to Stephen and Marion Harlyn counted little; to their children, all save the young and idealistic Rosalind, it meant the solution of all their difficulties. Miss Patrick has brought them—Merry, Irene, Bay and Ricky—to important crises in their lives on a certain Saturday in spring. A fortune is suddenly left the father and the crises are immediately passed by aid of the magic touchstone. But only Stephen, the philosopher, and Rosalind, the romantic dreamer, escape the disintegrating influences of wealth. Merry is precipitated into an elopement with a wealthy married woman which he would have found impossible as a poor man; Irene denies her love for a man below her intellectual and social level because he had been arrogant in his display of wealth; Bay forgets his artistic aspirations; Ricky develops into a thorough snob; and Marion Harlyn, deprived of the joy of struggling to keep the best possible home on slender means, gives up to her hitherto spasmodically indulged vice of drinking. The characters are exceedingly well drawn and the situations through which they move have been made most plausible. The happy ending, however, is effected by a tour de force.

Keats, by Lucien Wolff. Paris: Bloud et Gay. 14 francs

IT IS curious enough that French critics have paid little attention to English poetry of the Romantic age, though its influence upon the literature of their own country is obvious enough. The present biography is a competently written summary of the facts and an interesting analysis of the poetry. Naturally one cannot expect to find a great deal of "new light" upon such a theme, and the author frankly acknowledges his indebtedness to Amy Lowell and Buxton Forman. Even so, his endeavor to correlate the life and the literary achievement is praiseworthy and successful. Quite as interesting are the many translations, especially a fine one of the Ode to Psyche.

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Knight's Gambit, by Guy Pocock. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

DOUBTLESS many authors, having once worked out a sequence of psychological development in their hero's character, have found the world war a sorry impediment to its unimpaired exposition. The author of Knight's Gambit has sidestepped the problem by making Aubrey Joliffe too young to go to France, yet old enough to experience the remote effects of war in his adolescence. Unfortunately the subtraction from his age of the two years necessary to exempt him from service have increased the implausibility of the book. Aubrey in all his emotional and intellectual reactions is always two years ahead. If the reader can overlook this one point, he will find an intimate, thoroughly interesting and excellently rounded portrayal of an adopted English foundling progressing into manhood in a country vicarage, and in English public and prep schools.

All the Brothers Were Valiant, by Ben Ames Williams. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.00.

IT IS not alone the magnificent title of Mr. Williams's sea story which has survived the years. This reprint proves the tale itself to be possessed of genuine vitality and holding power. Whether the five sons of a sea-going family would really assess so high in valor as to warrant the proud unvarying epitaph which stands after the account of each of their deaths in the family log, is a question for pedantic realists. Mr. Williams makes us believe in their bravery. And when we come to the passing of Mark, last but one of the Shores, killed in helping to put down the mutiny he himself had fomented on his youngest brother's ship, we have a genuine touch of that emotion which it is the business of skilled pens to evoke.

Dr. Johnson, by Christopher Hollis. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $3.00.

PART of Mr. Hollis's discussion of the immortal Doctor is a crisp summary of the life, the works and the background. The other part is comprised of homilies based upon Johnsonian traits or remarks. There is plenty of shrewd observation and useful common sense, but also more than a little of glibness for its own sake. Those who like readable biography spiced with cheerful humor and pertinent criticism will enjoy Mr. Hollis's book immensely.

CONTRIBUTORS

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON is a veteran political correspondent for New York journals. His latest book is Presidents I've Known and Two Near Presidents.

KEES VAN HOEK is the London correspondent for De Tijd, Amsterdam.

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON, former editor of Contemporary Verse, is the author of Buck Fever.

ROBERT STEWART is the dean of the College of Agriculture of the University of Nevada.

JOHN BUNKER is the author of Shining Fields and Dark Towers.

MARY FLEMING LABAREE is a writer of short stories.

PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL, of Russia, is the author of They Knew the Washingtons; and The Intimate Life of the Last Tzarina.

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER is a musician and poet, the author of High Road.

LEON SRABIAN HERALD, JOHN P. BARTON and AUDREY WURDEMANN are contemporary American poets.

MARIE-ZOË E. MERCIER and ALEX R. SCHMIDT are new contributors to The Commonweal.

GRACE H. SHERWOOD is an authority on Maryland history and the author of a monograph on that subject.

VINCENT ENGELS and JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI are members of The Commonweal staff.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL, poet, reviewer and essayist, is the author of Jealous of Dead Leaves, and other books.

REV. EDWARD HAWKS is pastor of the church of Saint Joan of Arc, Philadelphia.

BOYD-CARPENTER writes on oriental politics and literature.

JOSEPH J. REILLY, librarian and a member of the English Department of Hunter College, New York City, is the author of Newman as a Man of Letters.

REV. JOHN F. MCCORMICK, S.J., professor of philosophy at Marquette University, is the president of the American Catholic Philosophical Association.

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